



REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE
FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

PUBLISHED AT 108, NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM.
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, 17s. 6d. POST FREE.

No. 3.—VOL. I.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1869.

THREEPENCE.

CHOPS AND TOMATO SAUCE.

Sir Joseph Hawley tells a capital after-dinner story about a group of sailors discussing among themselves the proper interpretation of the term *gourmand*. We shall not spoil his story by recapitulating all the guesses that were thrown out by these philologists in *kersey*. The upshot of the discussion is enough for us. It was that a *gourmand* was a beggar who could eat anything. In that sense, and perhaps in that sense only, do Frenchmen ever think of the mass of Englishmen as *gourmands*. And humiliating as it may be to have to make the confession, we are bound in candour to say that the French conception of our table, tastes, and habits is not very far wide of the mark. There is, we believe, no art in which we are more behind our generous and lively neighbours than in the art of cooking and serving up a dinner. In all the arts of Government and war we enjoy a proud preeminence. In Agriculture and Manufactures we can put French, Belgians, and Germans to the blush any day. Our Literature is richer, purer, and more varied than that of any country in the world. Even in Art we need not blush to institute a comparison with the countries of Titian

and Corregio, of Horace Vernet and Dore; and in Science we simply stand alone. In that no nation can touch us, Yet there

we must stop. We cannot cook a leg of mutton like a Frenchman, or make a cup of coffee like a German. A Belgian can put us

to the blush any day with a salad, and our table ornaments are clumsy and vulgar in comparison with those of the Italians. In

these trifles we have neither taste nor originality. We can carve a sirloin of beef, hack a haunch of venison, or cut up a saddle of mutton against anyone; and the skill and dexterity of an English carver are the admiration of the two hemispheres. No one can touch us in that at least. But when we come down to the knick-knacks of the table, to its decoration, the arrangement of the flowers, the preparation of side dishes, and the thousand trifles of that description in what we may call the artistic success of a dinner depends, we are simply at our wits' ends, and the best we can do is to imitate, in a faint and feeble way, the French, Germans, or Russians — anyone, in fact, who has a hint to give us.

Of course to people who can afford to pay a French cook £300 a year this native deficiency in taste and originality is a matter of no consequence. To the mass of middle-class well-to-do people, however, it is a serious abatement from the pleasures of social life; and if everything could be traced to its source we have little doubt that we should find that the present disinclination of men



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to marry arises in nine cases out of ten from the horror of what are called quiet domestic dinners. A single man with an income of £300 to £400 a year may, with the help of a Club, live as delicately as a prince, drink the best wines, dine off the richest and most varied viands, and see his table spread every day with as much taste and elegance as a marquis with a million. In a house of his own, however, with an income like that, or with a hundred or two more, with children and servants, he is a poor man and must live as a poor man; that is, dine off a rib of beef or a leg of mutton, drink Allsopp or Bass's bitter beer, and think of nothing in the way of wine except a glass of Glastone's claret now and then. He must screw up his courage to face cold meat three or four days in the week, look for nothing more in the way of table decorations than a handful of flowers in a vase, and be content now and then to vary the monotony with chops and tomato sauce. Now, this is not as it ought to be. There is no reason in the nature of things why a man should not be able to live as well, to see as much variety and taste in the arrangement of his table at home as he does at Club or a good *table d'hôte*. It ought not certainly to cost more; and with care and economy it might, we think, cost less. All that is needed is a little more taste and skill on the part of servants, and that is, we may add—to be quite explicit—a little more attention to the kitchen on the part of the ladies themselves. We know how this statement will flutter the Volscians, what a raising of eyebrows and a rustling of silks there will be over the embroidery and wool work in the boudoirs where the *ILLUSTRATED MIDLAND NEWS* finds its way. But we repeat our statement nevertheless. Servants are what their mistresses make them. They take their tone and taste from them; and if ever cookery and the preparation of a dinner table is to be with us as it is with the French, one of the Fine Arts, it will only be by the ladies bending their minds occasionally to the trifles of the kitchen, and exercising their wits and imagination to strike out something more original as a variation upon cold mutton than chops and tomato sauce. Perhaps men are very finical to shrug their shoulders as they do at the reappearance of a leg of mutton or rib of beef with a few bits of parsley on the dish; and it is quite open for the ladies to tell us how Queen Elizabeth and her Maids of Honour used to breakfast on a silver round of beef and a tankard of ale. We admit in anticipation all that they may say on either of these scores. Our only answer is that they must take the facts as they stand. We are daintier than we were. Our appetites are more delicate than those of Queen Elizabeth and her Maids; and with daintier appetites we expect them to provide us with daintier fare. There is no reason why we should drink worse coffee than Germans, or why we should spread our tables with less taste and variety than the table of a French restaurant or an English Club. The reform, however, if reform there is to be, must begin in the kitchen—the ladies must begin it. Under the present system of domestic management our tastes are beyond the incomes of most of us. It rests with the ladies to redress the balance.

Perhaps, however, we may ourselves do something to assist them in the work of kitchen reform; and here in Birmingham it may not be inopportune to throw out the suggestion that the first thing we want is a new kitchen range. Even a French cook, with all his skill, would be puzzled to do much in the way of art in most of our kitchens; for at present many kitchens are fit for anything and everything but what they ought to be meant for. This is the first flaw in our domestic arrangements. The second is the want of training in servants.

They know nothing of cooking as an art. With the best of them it is haphazard work, tempered by the rule of thumb. Even the best of them make themselves what they are at our expense; and it makes one shudder to think how many dinners a good cook has spoilt to attain her present skill and perfection. This is an age of philanthropy and an age of institutions; and if any gentleman round the Wrekin wishes to distinguish himself with Mr. Peabody and Mr. Mason by laying out £100,000 to ameliorate the lot of his fellow-creatures, we know no way in which he can confer more happiness on a greater number of her Majesty's lieges than by establishing and endowing a few institutions about the country for the education and training of servants, and especially of cooks. We are quite serious in this, Quixotic as our suggestion may possibly sound; for no suffer more from want of skill in the arts of the kitchen than the poorer classes. Independently of anything of this kind, however, the ladies may do a great deal for themselves if they will only turn their minds from their boudoirs to the kitchen, oftener than they do, and by all their love for us we conjure them to set their wits to work and see if it is not possible to discover some trifling variations upon cold mutton besides chops and tomato sauce.

BIRTHPLACE OF RIP VAN WINKLE.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

Communities large and small, in various ages of the world, have contended for the honour of giving birth-place to men of fame, especially to great authors. But some of these writers, by the inbreathing power of their genius, have created fictitious personages of more vigorous and lasting vitality than even their illustrious progenitors. A thousand of common readers or listeners are well acquainted with the name of Sancho Panza, where one has ever heard of Cervantes. Sinbad and Robinson Crusoe are household words to half the children in England and America; but how few of them could tell who wrote the story of those incomparable heroes to the young? How many well-read people could say, off hand, what was the Christian name of the author of that most admirable of all fictitious characters, "Uncle Toby"? Now all who have been delighted, guided, strengthened, or lighted by the lives and sentiments of these fictitious personages, must be nearly as much interested in visiting the houses in which they were born, as in visiting the birth-places of the authors of their being. Who would not go a long way to see the room in which Falstaff or Hamlet was born, and cradled, and brought up to the full stature of his manhood?

Now Rip Van Winkle was a celebrity whose name and character are pretty well known in all countries that have any literature of their own. And Rip was born in Birmingham, and was the eldest of a considerable family begotten and reared in this town by Geoffrey Crayon, Esq., *né* Washington Irving. The house is still a goodly white-faced building, standing two stories and a half in height, with a modest front door and portico. But it is taken in from the sight and noise of all the streets, being enclosed in the great brick quadrangle of Wiley's Gold Pen Factory, of which it forms a kind of interior transept. It seems to be an accidental felicity in its surroundings, that it is so palmed with gold pens and entertained with the music of their manufacture. A man of exuberant fancy might be pardoned by common sense for at least seeing in this coincidence a happy, if a mere mechanical tribute to such a fluent, graceful, and genial writer.

A short time ago I visited this birth-place of Rip Van Winkle with the venerable Henry Van Wart, Esq., who married the sister of Washington Irving, and who is now nearly eighty-five years of age. Although the distance was considerable, he walked it with me at a young man's pace, and on the way told me many things about his distinguished brother-in-law that were never put in print, going back to his very babyhood. It was a pleasant incident to his infancy, that soon after he was christened with the name of Washington, that man of beloved and pure renown was passing up Broadway, New York, attended by a numerous procession of all ranks, ages, and occupations. The nurse of his little namesake, with the child in her arms, pushed her way through the crowd that lined the side walks, and was standing within a few feet of the General as he passed. He noticed the little bead-eyed,

crowling youngster, that was kicking out his puggy toes, bouncing, and biting its thumbs, and trying to shout "Hurrah!" with the rest. He paused a moment to give the baby a kind and sunny smile as a fatherless man could give to "somebody's child." At the moment the nurse held out her charge towards him, and said, "Please, sir, its name is Washington, and it was called after you." The General instantly stepped out of the line, laid his hand upon the head of little Irving, and invoked a blessing upon his life, and passed on, little thinking that the baby life which he had thus blessed would become so illustrious in after years at home and abroad.

Washington Irving had opened his literary career very young and very brilliantly in the production of "Knickerbocker's History of New York," and in several smaller essays of his genius, when he was induced by his eldest brother and other relations or friends to enter upon a commercial life in Liverpool. He was about as poorly fitted by lack of mental affinity and business habits for such a life as any young man of his age could well be. The time, too, was as unfortunate for the success of the undertaking as they could have hit upon in the choice of half a century. It was near the close of the last great French war; and by the time that the new and hopeful firm had launched out beyond their depth in the flood that was to lead on to fortune, the great collapse and crash came, and their house came to the ground like hundreds of others all over the kingdom. Washington fell deeper than his brothers; for he fell from a greater height of hope. They lost only money as ten thousand others had done in the wide overthrow, and lost it as honestly as the best of them. But he lost more, and what money could not express nor restore. A heavy, dark cloud settled down upon his genius. It seemed like a total eclipse, behind which his mind could emit but thin and feeble annular scintillations. It shut off from his mental reach that hopeful, enthusiastic life he lived at home in America. All his capacities and prospects as an author were blighted apparently for ever. He had lost all that inspiration and glow of intellectual life which once stimulated and rewarded his ambition to excel as a writer.

In this state of mental obscurity, weakness, and depondency, Washington Irving came to Birmingham to spend a few months in this very house, then the home of his brother-in-law, Henry Van Wart, also the friend and companion of his early youth in Irvington, on the Hudson. Everything that could be said and done to recover his mind from this eclipse was said and done in his sister's home by all the members of the family circle. He tried, and they tried their best to break the spell upon him; and when he was in his happiest frolics with his little nephews and nieces, and his face was all a glow with the radiance of his affection for the children, the bonds seemed to relax, and his mind to emerge from the Doubting Castle which had held him so fast in its darkness. Then he would retire to his room, and, with pen in hand, see if his strength had returned. But it was in vain. The spell was still upon him. His mind gave no sign of its old genius. Not a thought touched by its inspiration would flow at the command of that feathered wand which once summoned beautiful conceptions and images from the vasty deep of a fluent imagination.

This condition had lasted for several months, when, one soft and lovely evening in June, Mr. Van Wart, in their usual walk, made a special effort to encourage him to shake off this nightmare from his spirits; to induce him to believe that he could do it by sheer force of will; but every argument, incitement, and encouragement was in vain. He said he had put his mind under every possible influence that was calculated to emancipate it from its bondage, but without any success. He had visited the choicest places to commune with nature, but got no relief. He had laid himself down on his back by the hour on the soft sunny slopes of the green hills, and looked up into the gentle June clouds at play upon the broad prairies of the blue sky, and tried, oh, how hard! to mount them with his thoughts, and soar away upon their tinted wings into some far-off region of fancy, where his mind should break away from the long fascination of despair, and be itself once more in the freedom and glory of its first ambition. He had followed with his eye and ear the happy lark as it lifted itself up on its morning song into the blue of heaven, as if it bore the sweetest of human joys to the home of the angels, and he wished it could carry up to them on its wings a whisper from his soul for help from its bondage. Then he had sauntered by the meadow brooks, and listened to the music they made to the meditating cows that lay upon their daisy-freckled banks. He had loitered with attentive, but enfeebled faculties by burns and bays, in groves full of song-birds, and in all places that would have once stirred his mind to the poetic pulse of thought and feeling; but it had all been in vain. When he took up his pen on returning from this communion with nature that deadening spell was upon him still, and he

feared he should never be able to shake it off and resume his literary life, which had commenced so promisingly.

There was no use in arguing against this sentiment and presentiment of mental weakness and obscurity; but Mr. Van Wart adopted a happier expedient. As it were, he took Irving's arm on a walk that out-flanked the darkness of the eclipse. He took him around it back to the days and walks of their youth on the Hudson, and touched those memories within him that the mind of manhood and old age holds freshest and dearest, whatever clouds or floods may come between. He took him to those places, which were the playgrounds of their childhoods and of the happy years between it and the first of life's bright summer. Sleepy Hollow was their favourite resort; for its people were as unique and odd in their ways and looks as the strange valley itself. In fact, it was the abode of the queerest characters that were ever gathered together within the same space. Such quaint Dutchmen, in speech, dress, and habits could not be found elsewhere in the whole country. Their sayings and doings had given the two young men rich practice in recitative. The Hollow was full of lively stories when they were young. It was just the place to take Irving to in order to bring the sun of his youth to bear upon his darkness. His brother-in-law recalled the laughable incidents they had themselves witnessed there, the oddest characters of the valley, the ridiculous legends, and customs, habits, and sayings, and idioms that a grave man even could not hear described without laughing the tears into his eyes.

Irving laughed internally from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot; and the walls of his Doubting Castle crumbled and fell. The sun was still behind the clouds, and it now pierced and scattered them, and shone in upon him with all the warmth and light of his brightest and happiest days. He retired to his room ere it was yet dark. He put pen to paper, and thoughts came with a rush faster than he could write them; the faster, seemingly, for being fettered so long by the ice of his long mental depondency. All night long he piled his pen as it never moved before. Sleepy Hollow, with its eccentric life and legends, stood revealed before him as he wrote. Its shapes and souvenirs all merged into one character; and on that he painted into the short hours of the slumbering household. At every one of them, that image, quaint and olden, showed a new feature under his touch. The June sun at its earliest rising looked in through the shutters and saw him where he sat at its last rays the evening before. When the family were all astrid, and breakfast awaited their gathering at the table, he entered the room, radiant with the old light of his genius and intellect. He came with his hands full of the sheets he had written while they were asleep. He said it had all come back to him. Sleepy Hollow had awakened him from his long, dull, despairing slumber. And then he read the first chapters of *Rip Van Winkle*, the character that came to him in the visions of the night after the conversation of the previous evening.

It was interesting to see the breakfast room in which Irving read from the still wet sheets the story of Rip Van Winkle, and to stand in that room with the host of the author of that distinguished celebrity, who could remember and describe the very expression of his guest, the new radiance of hope and gladness that set his face a-glow as he came through that door with his manuscript in his hand. Nor was it a temporary return of his genius. It flowed more spontaneously than ever, and *Rip Van Winkle* was not its only offspring in that house. The *Sketch Book* was born in the same room, though it received some of its developments in other localities. Then there were scores of unwritten novelettes which he read off from his mind to his little nephews and nieces, who gathered around his sofa of an evening to hear them. He would compose fascinating stories about fairies for them, and read them off just as if they were in print. When he was in the midst of the improvised tale, the whole family would softly approach, and form an outer circle behind the children, and listen with interest to the story.

All of Irving's really home-life in England was enjoyed at this house of his brother-in-law. It was his favourite rest and retreat, not only in the long years of his mental depression, but frequently for a day or two when journeying from Liverpool to London in the desperate and unsuccessful effort to save the sinking ship of their commercial establishment. He called it playfully "the redoubtable castle of Van Tromp;" and, writing to a friend about the reception of some good news, he said, "there was great joy in the whole host of Van Tromps." Referring to "a perpetual source of entertainment" which he found in the bosom of his sister's family, he writes to his friend Brevoort, January 22, 1817,—"We have generally a game of romps in the evening between dinner and tea-time, in the course of which I play the flute, and the little girls dance. They are but

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pigmy performers, yet they dance with immitable grace and vast good-will, and consider me as the divinest musician in the world; so, thank heaven, I have at last found auditors who can appreciate my musical talents."

These little dances listened to his voice with as much delight as they did to his flute; especially when he was seemingly reading to them one of his extemporaneous and unwritten stories, improvised on the spur of the moment for their entertainment. In the twilight of one of these evenings he was in the middle of such a story, when his youngest niece wandered for a moment out of the line of the narrative, and suddenly pronounced a child's question on some extraneous topic, which brought the tale to an abrupt conclusion. It collapsed in a moment in his mind, and to their surprise and disappointment.

SCIENCE AND ART GOSSIP.

The Tower subway, which is to cost £16,000, will be able to convey twenty-four millions of passengers annually, working twelve hours a day.

The expedition to the North Pole, directed by M. Gustave Lambert, is unable to set out. A journal announces that about 180,000 are still required to carry out the undertaking intended to last four years, with two of the winters passed in the neighbourhood of the Pole itself.

The Sanitary Commissioners have adjourned their inquiry till the commencement of next year. Owing to the extent of this inquiry, and the immense mass of evidence yet to be taken, it is not expected that this important inquiry will be concluded till the end of 1870.

Another new canal is talked of, a proposition having emanated from Monsieur Lesseps to cut through the Isthmus of Corinth four miles shortening the journey from Marseilles to Constantinople by fourteen hours, and that from Trieste to the same town by twenty hours. The cost is spoken of as £12,000,000.

In an American paper we find the subjoined particulars of an invention by which a cannon ball may be sent fourteen miles.—The peculiarity is in the ball itself, which is in seven sections, with six fuses. The powder of the cannon sends the ball humming two miles from the muzzle, lighting fuse No. 1, which burns to the powder in the ball in the time the ball travels two miles, when an explosion takes place which sends the ball two miles further, where fuse No. 2 does its duty, and propels the ball two miles further, and so on to the end of the fuses and the fourteen miles.

"G. M." gives in a contemporary some interesting particulars on the cultivation of silk in England. Remarking that his efforts have lately been noticed by the President of the Silk Supply Association at Macclesfield and Coventry, he says:—From the excellent produce of eggs imported from Milan and Japan in this season, which has been unfavourable to the growth of the mulberry and the silkworm, I have no doubt that, with good eggs, care, cleanliness, and perfect ventilation, silk equal to the produce of Italy can be grown in Europe in the five weeks of May and June, with considerable profit to the cultivator, and opening up a large field of industry, more particularly to women and children. The white mulberry, which grows in any soil, excepting chalk and clay; our light common lands, railway banks, and even hedgerows might be planted with profit, if the tenant had an interest in the produce of the trees. The wonderful exhalation from the silkworm in the last age, which makes thorough ventilation absolutely necessary, will also make the care of these insects in the cottage very dangerous to the inmates, but any brick barn or spare room can be fitted up as a laboratory at little expense. A village girl, aged fifteen, had charge of my room this year. The rate of mortality, and of imperfect and double cocoons, did not exceed one per cent. There was very little refuse silk outside the cocoons, and all reel well at five to each thread. Although my winder only began the work last season, the finest silk is above the average drawn from the same weight of Italian cocoons. My trees, varieties of the *Morus alba*, planted in rows about 10 ft. apart, occupy about two acres of land, and yield on an average 35 lb. of leaf each, and at 40 lb. the tree can be propagated by cuttings, or three-year-old grafted trees can be bought at 150s. per 100. The quality of the reeled silk has been fully tested at Manchester.

ROSSINI.

Born 29th Feb., 1792. Died 13th Nov., 1868.

No career was ever more remarkable than that of the great composer whose portrait is this week given. Rossini had his extraordinary reputation before he was thirty-seven years of age, and then retired from active life, obstinately refusing every inducement to set to work again.

During forty years of idleness he may be said to have seen posterity begin to do him honor. However culpable such idleness appears, it may have been justified by failing power. Nothing since *Guillaume Tell*, except the *Stabat Mater*, was produced by the *Maestro* worthy of his great name, although many fugitive works, written of late years for amusement, have been made known since his decease. Among the so-called posthumous compositions is the *Messe Solennelle*, the intrinsic merits of which are much disputed by musical authorities.

Rossini was born at Pesaro, a small town in the Roman States. His father was a trumpeter; his mother a second-rate singer. Some genealogists have taken pains to prove that he was descended from a noble family that flourished during the sixteenth century, and point to the armorial bearings of his ancestors as prophetic of the future reputation of the Swan of Pesaro.

On the escutcheon of Fabrizio Rossini, Governor of Ravenna in 1570, is found a Rose surmounted by a Nightingale. The omen is propitious, certainly, whether the genealogy be correct or not.

When twelve years old Rossini gave most unmistakable signs of genius. He began to compose, and in 1810 produced an opera at Venice. From that time he was actively employed. He composed with marvellous facility—the *Barbieri*, for instance, in fourteen days. I have heard him relate how he wrote the Prison Scene Duet in *La Gazza Ladra* in a music publisher's back shop while the copyists were waiting. The well known Prayer in *Mosè*, at the hearing of which, in Naples, women fainted, and the audience went crazy with excitement, was jotted down among a crowd of friends and sent off to the Theatre to be tried in about a quarter-of-an-hour. This facility of production was essentially characteristic of Rossini; when it failed him, he ceased to write. A list of his popular operas would fill this column—they were all produced before that time of life when the mental powers of most men are said to be matured. Some of his operas failed, when that happened he would take to bed and sleep off the disappointment. It was thus with the *Barbieri* when first performed. He had confidence in its ultimate success, and attributed the coldness of its reception to the stolidity of the public.

In or about the year 1823 he came to London, and is said to have made the large sum of £7,000 in five months by giving concerts, playing at Court—he was a great favourite of George IV.—and other means. Always careful, and even parsimonious in money matters, Rossini amassed a large fortune. He married Mlle. Colbrand, a Prima Donna of Continental repute, and with her acquired a fortune of £1,500 a year.

The most delightful artistic assemblies in Paris used to be Rossini's Receptions on Saturday evenings during the winter months. Celebrities of the day then gathered together to pay their court to the illustrious Musician—poets, politicians, princes of every royal family in Europe crowded his spacious saloons on the Boulevards. Vocalists, celebrated and unknown to fame, came in numbers to have the honour of singing to Rossini. Sometimes he would accompany the singers, and would exert himself to the utmost when doing so, encouraging the *debutants* with many a kind expression of approval. He boasted sarcastically of his powers as a pianist, and would assure you that he practised indefatigably. Usually he sat in an arm chair to receive the guests, and looked like some wealthy, well-to-do farmer, surrounded by Tagliolini (the original), Grisi, Tamburini, Gardoni, and other courtiers, who formed his *garde d'honneur*.

The hours of reception were from nine to eleven. The entertainment consisted of music and bona-mots. Indeed there was no other refreshment for the mind or body.

The last time I saw Rossini was in the Rue de la Paix two years ago. We passed an hour together, sauntering up and down the street. We were gazing at a jeweller's window, when he suddenly recollected he had to do some shopping. We then went into a habes's shop, and I had to pass judgment upon some woaden socks he wanted. The bowing and scraping of the hostler when he recognized the customer exceeded any thing I ever witnessed in my way. Rossini chatted cheerfully enough, but when the shopkeeper began talking about the opera, and said he had had the supreme felicity of hearing *Otello* the previous evening, the conversation was terminated by one of the talkers walking out of the shop mere or less abruptly.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A heavy gale at Boston (America) last week, destroyed property amounting to 1,000,000 dollars.

The Bishops of Exeter and Bath and Wells have sent in their resignations.

On Saturday night and Sunday there was a terrible gale in Devon and Cornwall. Several vessels went ashore.

The Librarian of an extensive library in Glasgow writes that, "since the publication of Mrs. Stowe's narrative, there has been quite a 'run' on Lord Byron's poetry. The demand has mainly come from young ladies and from youths of sixteen or seventeen years."

The Duke of Edinburgh is now talked of as a "likely young man" for the throne of Spain. *El Zita*, the Prince of Madrid, represents Senor Olazoga, leading our sailor Prince forward, and pointing out to him the empty throne, over which, after the story of Don Quixote, there is a sword suspended by a chain, and in the attitude of yielding it through a glass, and remarking, "Yes, it is very pretty; but for my part I don't like upholstery with such hangings!"

The Times says that profound mystery surrounds the proceedings of the *Æconomical Council*, yet, perhaps, we may tell our readers in secret what we have learnt on very good authority. Three things will be done at the Council, which is not to last more than three weeks altogether. The three things will be the declaration of the infallibility of the Pope, which is to be proposed at the beginning of the meetings by an English prelate; the dogmatized Syllabus will be made law; and, further, the annals of the Assumption of the Virgin, derived from two apocryphal writings of the fifth century, will be proclaimed.

A labourer, named Macgrath, was murdered on Saturday morning near Cashel. The body was found dreadfully mangled, and the head smashed by a sharp instrument. A father and son, named Dwyer, were arrested on suspicion.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Lieut-Colonel, Frederick, arrived at Marlborough House on Saturday morning, en route for Wildbad, where his Royal Highness joined the Princess of Wales and the Royal children.

The understanding between working miners and their employers does not appear to improve, inasmuch as large numbers of the best class of workmen continue to leave Cornwall for foreign mining countries. It is stated that upwards of sixty able miners will leave the Redruth and Camborne districts within a fortnight.

The Clarence Steam Flour Mills, at Stockton-on-Tees, the property of Mr. H. Appleton, were destroyed by fire on Sunday night. There was a large stock of grain, besides valuable machinery, in the mill, the whole of which, as well as the building, was destroyed, and the total damage, which is reported to be covered by insurance, is estimated at from £12,000 to £14,000.

On Tuesday, Mr. James Edward Robinson, resident manager of the Leeds and County Bank at Consett, shot himself dead with a pistol. The deceased has left seven children. He was formerly mayor of the borough, and he was an alderman at the time of his death. Latterly he had been labouring under depression of mind, but from what cause has not yet been ascertained. Several directors made an investigation on Tuesday into the state of his accounts and securities, and they were found to be perfectly right and in order.

The gale of Sunday and Monday has been very disastrous in its effects. The loss of life and property is considerable, especially on the coast. Among the vessels brought into Ramsgate is a fine Dutch-built vessel, the Jacob Cornelius, of Batavia, 490 tons register, Jameson master, bound from Rotterdam to Batavia, with a general cargo and twenty-five passengers (Sisters of Mercy and two priests). She encountered extremely rough weather, her deck being covered with broken spars and yard arms.

On Tuesday a fearful discovery was made at the house of a man named Judge, at Bromley, near London. The man, Jameson Judge, his wife, and their two children, a boy and a girl, Charles, an infant, and Louise, aged four, were found lying dead in one of the rooms. There was a pan of lighted charcoal in the centre of the apartment. The body of the man lay across the bed, and the bodies of the children, as signed by the man and woman, was found, directing that the furniture should be divided amongst their relatives. Judge was a shipbuilder, but he had been laid out of work.

There were great political demonstrations in Ireland on Sunday. The *Freeman's Journal* says:—"The movement for an amnesty must be successful. No ministry anxious to govern a people like this, better as a people, would give ear to such appeals as those made yesterday. The unanimity which exists on this subject is most remarkable and cannot fail to impress the government favourably. The movement embraces all parties. All parties—all sects—ask to have clemency exercised. Such a request cannot, with prudence, be denied, and a speedy compliance with it would render it still more generous on the part of the ministry, and acceptable to the Irish people."

The funeral of Thomas Hardaker and Emma Carrick, the two lovers killed by lightning at Staningley, Yorkshire, is reported by the *Liverpool Mercury*. From the fact that the deceased were both Sunday School teachers, and of irreproachable character, united to the tragical nature of their death, the greatest commiseration was felt for their families, and a profound sensation was excited in the district around. In either side of the two hearse-walkers a number of young men and women—Sunday school teachers and scholars—the women attired in black interspersed with white; the mourners preceded by the church, a floral cross was placed by the rector, the Rev. C. F. Boyker, and his wife, on each coffin. The crowd in the churchyard was very great. Most of the mills were closed, and troops of foot were ordered to gaze into the grave before the coffins were finally covered up. It has been suggested that a public subscription should be commenced to raise a monument over the grave of the unfortunate couple.

There is too much reason to fear that the harvest of 1869 will fall below the average both in quantity and quality. The *Chamber of Agriculture Journal*—a good authority on agricultural topics—says the beaming of an autumnal sun upon the ripening grain has not made up for the inferior development of plant, stem, and ear before the ripening season began. From Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire we learn that in nearly all the early threshings the yield falls considerably short of the estimate formed of the bulk of the straw and the appearance of the crop in the field. In Berkshire and Oxfordshire, the same sound test of the beamel measure is proving the wheats to be much below an average in yield and of light quality. In Wiltshire, in some of the western counties, and in South Wales, the wheat has been sown by the most part in excellent condition, and is expected to turn out an average crop, excepting upon the light lands. Worcestershire and Shropshire report unfavourably of the first threshings. In Northamptonshire, Warwickshire, Derbyshire, and Nottinghamshire we hear of yields considerably below an average, although nearly all sown in prime condition. In the Fen levels of Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, and Lincolnshire, the wheat crops, not too heavy, but, generally speaking, better than the corn and weather-broken, promised to be considerably above an average. However, the grain is, to a great extent, shrivelled and light, and the yield from the early threshings falls much below the estimate. The marshes of the eastern and south-east alluvial districts also have lighter wheat crops than they expected. From Yorkshire our advisers tell of very inferior yields of wheat. It is estimated that we have from any part of the country a crop of average bulk or of heavy weight per sack; and we are obliged to conclude that the general wheat harvest of 1869 is much below an average, taking into account the quantity per acre and proportion of flour in the grain.

Mr. Titus Salt, of Saltaire and Crow Nest, Yorkshire, has received from Mr. Gladstone the offer of a baronetcy, which he has accepted. This honour is regarded with unqualified satisfaction in Bradford. Sir Titus has been long distinguished for commercial eminence, unexampled public spirit, and philanthropy.

The bulletins received in Carlisle during the last few days concerning the health of the Bishop of that diocese have been of a very discouraging character. The malady from which the Bishop is suffering appears to grow worse, and his condition causes the greatest anxiety to his friends.

The proposal to restore the choir of Salisbury Cathedral, at a cost of £15,000, as a memorial to the late Bishop Hamilton, has been adopted throughout the diocese as the most suitable that could be raised to perpetuate his Lordship's memory, and already upwards of £5,000 has been subscribed towards the object.

A dreadful catastrophe occurred at Kensington on Monday, during the festivities in honour of the visit of the King of Prussia, the 15th of July. Up to ten o'clock that night twenty-four bodies belonging to persons of various ranks in society were discovered.

The *Yorkshire Post* reports that a lunatic named Darrell has shot his death at the North Riding Asylum through an act of gross neglect. William Tracey, an attendant, had charge of him, and was to give him a bath last Friday week; but instead of doing this duty himself, he left it to be performed by two nurses, and the unfortunate persons turned on only the boiling water into the bath, and put Darrell into it. The man's legs were shockingly scalded, but the attendant failed to report the fact, and the patient died, as the patient died of his injuries. At an inquest held on Friday, the jury returned a verdict censuring Tracey and the head attendant, Brockbank, who also knew of the accident and did not report it. Tracey has been dismissed.

The English reporters did not notice, it would seem, all the facts and incidents connected with the great boat race, and the American papers supply some which those who were present seem to have entirely overlooked. The *Daily Star*, for instance, says the Princess of Wales, in her life were present on board the steamer *London Pride*, surrounded by a great throng of the aristocracy, members of parliament, and country gentlemen. Almost everybody on board the boat, including the Prince, wore a blue vesette, he, as will be remembered, having been educated at Christ Church College, Oxford. Some of the ladies wore Magenta ribbons in compliment to Harvard, but blue predominated very largely. On the same boat were the American minister, Mr. Motley, and Mr. Gladstone, who returned from Bangor on purpose to witness the race. The Harwich was not in an excellent condition, and at the finish Simmonds fainted away.

The General Synod met at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, on Tuesday. There was a full attendance of both Provincial Synods. The proceedings in the Upper House were private. A message was sent on to the Lower House, containing a protest against the Church Act, and a message to the Lower House. The Bishop of Down in the Upper House had protested against the protest as unnecessary. A second message was sent down, containing a scheme for electing a synodical body of the clergy of each diocese to elect representatives varying in number. The total for Ireland to be 124. One dean and one archdeacon for each united diocese, and the Regius Professor of Divinity, Trinity College, to be ex officio; here, the Provost and Fellows of the College to return one member. Archdeacon Lee moved a preface defining the position of the laity, and suggesting election from among communicants, and declaring that questions of doctrine and discipline should be reserved for the bishops and clergy. The consideration of the message was adjourned.

WHITE'S BIRMINGHAM DISTRICT DIRECTORY.—Sheffield: William White, Bank Street. Mr. William White, of Sheffield and Birmingham, has just issued a Directory of Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Walsley, and all the villages, Darlaston, West Bromwich, Tipton, Bilston, Willenhall, and the other towns and villages of the Hardware District. The work, a large and handsome volume, is an excellent specimen of what an energetic compiler, with a few equally energetic assistants, can accomplish in the face of the numerous difficulties which a Directory compiler meets with. The volume begins with a well-written, illustrated article on the manufacture of steel, by Mr. H. Seeborn, and previous to the commencement of Birmingham history—a most useful item in the work. There is a street directory, containing the names of the principal inhabitants arranged in the order of the numbers on the doors; a directory of the town and suburbs of Birmingham, alphabetically arranged, and including the trade mark of every manufacturer; the trades and professions are classified; lists of omnibuses, cabs, and carriers are given; and the suburbs are described and the residents' names printed in full with their professions, and in Wolverhampton is fully described, and treated similarly to Birmingham in every respect; and the other towns are given more or less fully. Capital, printed, arranged with care, and correctness, neatness, and really means of reference, White's Directory of Birmingham and the District may be honestly commended as a work of much higher excellence than the majority of books of the same class.

A shocking occurrence is reported from Bridgnorth. Mr. Francis Trevelyan, aged 87, of Monmouth, near that town, whilst picking up apples near to two hives of bees, fell against the stand upon which they were placed, and overthrowing the bees, which were very numerous, and a number of them fastened upon his head. Deceased's wife observed him lying on the ground, and immediately called for assistance, whereupon the daughter and a neighbour went to ascertain the cause of alarm. The neighbour noticing the bees upon deceased's head fetched a wet cloth, which she applied to his head, and by that means succeeded in driving off the bees. At the same time, however, the head was so grievously swollen, and he expired the next day in great agony.

THE GREAT WESTERN HOTEL, (SNOW HILL STATION) BIRMINGHAM.

This hotel, which was opened during the early part of last year, is an ornamental as well as useful addition to the important public buildings of Birmingham. Although immediately adjoining a railway station and situated in one of the busiest parts of the town it is quiet, indeed almost entirely free from outward noise, owing to the plan of its construction. It is built of white brick, in the Italian style of architecture, with Bath stone dressings. The rooms, numbering about one hundred, are lofty and luxuriously furnished; the corridors are well lighted, fire proof, and paved with variegated tiles throughout.

On the ground floor in the right hand wing of the building from the entrance in Mommouth-street is a spacious coffee room, eighty feet long by thirty wide, and high in proportion. A large smoking saloon is near the coffee room, in connection with which also are well arranged lavatories, &c. In the opposite wing, on the ground floor, are billiard rooms, a luncheon bar, an apartment for public dinners, together with handsome writing, dining, and commercial rooms. Upon entering these latter it is impossible to avoid comparing the admirable accommodation now afforded the travellers for whose especial use they are intended, with the arrangements of former days. In no respect has greater improvement been made in modern hotels than in this, and the Great Western presents an epitome of all the advantages which modern men can possibly enjoy.

There are three stone staircases, the principal one being in the centre of the building; lifts for luggage, linen, and diners, the latter communicating directly with the cooking department, which is at the top of the house. The kitchen thus has advantageously placed is fitted up with every possible contrivance for efficient service, and steam closets for keeping hot joints, plates, and dishes, are to be found on each floor near the dinner lift.

All communication between the kitchen and the sleeping rooms in the top story is shut off by a double corridor. Notwithstanding the distance of the kitchen from the coffee room no delay is experienced in the service, while the complete isolation of the cooking department from every other part of the house prevents the possibility of its being the cause of any annoyance. The cellars are well constructed and their temperature carefully regulated. A staff of forty servants is constantly employed. The hotel was erected by a Limited Liability Company, and under the management of the lessee, Mr. Hall, formerly of the Royal Hotel, Scarborough.

At the last Grand National Archery Meeting a *table d'hôte* was started for the convenience of the archers, and proved highly successful. The committee had their headquarters during the week at the hotel, which, upon the authority of the *Field* newspaper, was pronounced to be "one of the most elegant, comfortable, and economical hotels of its magnitude in the three kingdoms."

THE LOVE LETTER.

To which of the three fair readers does the letter really belong? An interesting question, almost as difficult to answer as to believe that the tender communications love letters may be supposed to contain are ever perused by more than one pair of bright eyes at a time, unless surreptitiously. Without the authority of Mons. Toulmouche we should have fancied such a social incident as that which is here represented to have been morally impossible, except in Utah, where *billets doux*, like a Parliamentary candidate's declaration of principles, may be addressed to a constituency of favourites.

Notwithstanding the novel treatment of the subject and the warning it conveys to every cautious correspondent about to put his sentiments on paper, there is much to admire in the picture we have engraved.

It is by Mons. Auguste Toulmouche, a French painter, and was exhibited this year in the annual Exhibition of paintings at Paris. The group is well and effectively composed and the outlines are graceful. As specimens of realistic colouring, the floor and surface of the table are worthy of all praise. The faces lack expression. As far as they tell their story, the picture might have been called the Milliner's Bill as reasonably as the Love Letter; we doubt, indeed, whether the former be not its appropriate title, although

such a document would cause the young ladies greater alarm probably than that which they are at all reading, and would have necessitated more energy in portraying their feelings than Mons. Toulmouche has displayed.

THE BIRMINGHAM MARKET HALL.

On a bright summer day, such as that on which our sketch was taken, it is gay and lively—the buzz of conversation is incessant; vendors and customers are in good humour; the very fountain plays more cheerily than usual, although the black boys in the middle are always dry and dusty, apparently longing for a drink and a dip in the depths below them. Sunshine gives a polish to the fish, kept well watered by the careful fishmonger, as though the slabs on which it lies were so many garden beds, and the soles and bits of salmon the choicest garden flowers.

Sunshine makes the fruit and vegetables seem fresher and greener than they generally do; and, better still, it makes trade brisk.

But a wet day—what a change! The fish

vaults leased by wholesale dealers and the market people, who pay from 2s. 6d. to 30s. a week for them. Charges are also made to those who sell outside the Market and for whose regulation those chalk divisions are marked on the Bull Ring. The goods are assessed according to measure and the receipts range from £14 to £50 per week. The girls who bring a pair of ducks, butter, or needlework to sell, are taxed from one penny upwards, according to the size of basket they carry. They deserve your custom. Many of them walk long distances to the market and have worked hard at their embroidery to dispose of it as a means of increasing the scanty income of their parents. The poultry they offer is good and cheap, and very likely some they have reared themselves.

The most conspicuous object in the Hall is appropriately its greatest ornament.

The fountain is a work of art by Messenger, of Birmingham. It might be kept in better condition, and heavy penalties should be inflicted upon those who pollute the water by throwing refuse into it. The figures are admirably moulded, and the dead game, fish, and fruit in relief at the base are worth carefully examining.

Near at hand, vieing with the fountain as a

about the leg of mutton. He insists upon seeing it weighed—disputes with the butcher about its weight, and after a tedious parley sees the leg of mutton carried home by a lad he has bargained with for the purpose.

On the left-hand side of our sketch are the cook shops—those stalls where famous smoking hot joints, cleanly served, are provided daily at incredibly low charges. Read the bill of fare prepared by Mrs. Jones, one of the stall-keepers, for her numerous customers.

Plate of beef and potatoes . . . 41d.
Ditto, pork ditto 5d.
Plate of ham 2d.
Cup of tea or coffee 1d.
Plate of beef, potatoes, and bread 6d.

Is it not tempting? The meat is excellent; the potatoes are well cooked; and if you wish to indulge in luxury, you can have some pickles on your plate out of enormous jars in which whole cabbages are floating about.

It is a great advantage to the helpers and poor people about the Market that such food is supplied at such trifling cost. There is no drawback, if it be so considered, neither wine, beer, nor spirits can be part of the entertainment. The patrons of Mrs. Jones do not, however, complain of the deprivation and are well satisfied with the tea and coffee she gives them.

Some of the statistics of the Birmingham markets are interesting. During the month of June this year no less than 100 tons of fish were received and sold in one day, and of fruit and vegetables it is calculated that 1,000 tons a week are regularly disposed of. These figures are surprising, but not more so than are the returns of the cattle market, where 7,000 sheep, 1,000 pigs, and 300 head of cattle are sold on an average every week. A new Fish Market is about to be established, the present arrangements being quite inadequate to the large trade going on.

And now for the present we will take leave of the raw material, and repair to another locality where we may find it in a more digestible condition.

DEATH OF LADY PALMERSTON.

Lady Palmerston expired at Brocket Hall, near Hatfield, on Saturday, having survived her illustrious husband four years all but a month. Her ladyship left her town house in Park-lane a fortnight ago for her country seat. On the very day when she was taken ill, the 4th inst., a select party of friends had been invited to meet at Brocket; but at the very last moment the invitations were countermanded. The malady was an alarming form of influenza; and Dr. Frothero Smith, who attended Lord Palmerston in his last illness, was summoned from town. That gentleman, with Dr. Drage, of Hatfield, remained in constant attendance; but Lady Palmerston continued to get weaker and weaker down to Thursday week, when her symptoms became more severe. On Friday all hopes of recovery were given up, and her ladyship died, as we have said, on the next morning. The late Emily Mary, Viscountess Palmerston, who was born April 21, 1787, was the eldest daughter of Peniston, first Viscount Melbourne, by his marriage with Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, Bart., of Halmby, York. She was married, in 1805, to Peter Leopold, fifth Earl Cowper, by whom she had issue three sons and two daughters, namely, George, late Earl Cowper, father of the present Peer; the Right Hon. William Francis Cowper, M.P.; the Hon. Charles Spencer Cowper; Emily Caroline, Catherine Frances, married to the Earl of Shaftesbury; and Frances Elizabeth, married to Viscount Jocelyn. Lady Emily Lamb's first husband having died in June, 1837, she married, secondly, on the 15th of December, 1839, the late Viscount Palmerston; since whose death, in October, 1865, she has led a retired life, seldom mixing in society. On the death of her youngest brother, third Lord Viscount Melbourne, Lady Palmerston succeeded to the family estates in Hertfordshire and Derbyshire. By her decease the families of Cowper, Roden, Shaftesbury, and Donagall are placed in mourning. The remains of Lady Palmerston will, we believe, be placed with her husband's in Westminster Abbey. It will be remembered that the late Lord Palmerston's interment there was a concession to the wish of the Queen and of the whole nation. He had desired to be buried in the family vault at Rome; and his relief, in assenting to the general desire that his place of rest should be in the most honoured spot of national sepulture, is said to have been on the one condition, that she should be laid by his side.



THE LOVE LETTER.—BY AUGUSTE TOULMOUCHE.

looks damp and chilly, as probably "it is its nature to;" the fountain drips dismally, you shiver at its sound; the pavement is greasy and slippery; the stall keepers do not appear happy in their minds. Towards evening, when the gas is lighted and the market thronged with the last batch of customers, they cheer up and are more vigorous than ever in trying to dispose of their goods, and make amends for the melancholy influence of the dreary day upon their trade and spirits.

No locality is more quickly affected by the weather than a market-place, and ours is no exception to the rule, although it is more like a vast emporium or bazaar than any market I know of. Within its walls innumerable branches of retail trade are carried on. The butchers, poulterers, greengrocers, and purveyors of food, for the million are surrounded by millinery, jewellery, crockery, and sweet-stuff inextricable. You can buy an umbrella, toys, bonnets, live cocks and hens, rabbits, dogs, and ferrets, in any quantity, and I should not be surprised if a stray pianoforte or certainly a jew's harp were found for sale in some of its unexplored recesses.

It is a noble building and has proved a capital investment to the Corporation, having cost something less than £74,000, land and construction included, and yielding nearly £7,000 a year.

This income is derived from various sources. There are 250 stalls and shops which let at rents varying from 3s. to £1 a week, as well as 64

point of attraction, is the Queen of the Market, her diadem a dainty bonnet, her throne a four-legged stool. She is a lady fishmonger, who takes evident pride in her particular garden beds, and dresses in the height of fashion. It is an irresistible inducement to buy a pair of soles when asked to do so by a dealer who wears such bonnets and dashing dresses decorated with costly jewellery which reflects its brilliancy upon the fish.

The scarcity of flowers is to be regretted in a market otherwise so well supplied in every respect. There are but few stalls where they can be obtained in perfection and the supply is quickly exhausted. A show of flowers such as that which gladdens the sight at Covent Garden for instance, is almost unknown in our Hall, the appearance of which would be immensely improved by an increase of this branch of trade.

A market-place affords many opportunities of studying your fellow-creatures, their foibles and predilections, their business habits and dispositions.

Watch this bustling little woman with a basket in her hand. She has not come here to pass the time away. She knows exactly what she wants, and will not be tempted by any persuasions of the market people to buy more. Her marketing is a lesson worth listening to. She goes from stall to stall as a hivee from flower to flower, wastes not a minute, and is away again before this prosy old gentleman has made up his mind

THE MIDNIGHT RAID.

"Harper! now the feast is o'er
Let the mead to music move,
Sing to us of days of yore,
Of the chiefs that are no more—
Sing of fight, and sing of love!"

From his seat the harper sprang,
Snows of winters on his chin,
Smote the harp that loudly rang
With a fierce resounding clang,
With the battle's clamorous din.

"Winter storms the waters swept,
Dark the night without a star;
Saxons, while your fathers slept,
Danish butchers hither crept
Borne in war-ships from afar.

"Fierce for plunder came they here;
Hot with thirst of blood they came;
Rang the night with cries of fear,
Slaughter ravaged far and near,
And the town was red with flame.

"Many dying, many dead,
Dane and Saxon mingled lay,
Ere to ship the pirates fled,
Edric, son of Ethelred,
Did with sword their chieftain slay!

"Young was Edric; manlier none—
Yet his cheek was smooth and fair:
To him when the raid was done,
Kneeling in the dust came one
"In their ships thy love they bear!"

"'Serf, thou liest!' so he spake,
Doubting that the thing might be:
Then 'Revenge! Revenge!' there brake
From the lips that bade us take
Of the ships and put to sea.

"In the morning's gloomy light
Forth we put—our ships were ten—
Vengeance hurried on our flight,
Vengeance fired our hearts for fight;
We were flocks; we were not men,



THE MIDNIGHT RAID.

"Swift we sped before the blast,
Onward many an hour we sped,
But a cry from every mast
Rose at noon; they saw at last
Where the Danes exulting fled.

"Swifter still the winds before,
Swifter onward were we borne,
Straight upon their ships we bore
Ours but ten and theirs a score
Yea, they japed at us in scorn.

"Saxons! shall the tale be told,
How the fight raged fierce as hell;
How the tide of battle roll'd?
Ye are sons of them of old:
In your hearts it liveth well.

"Many a Saxon fell that day,
Many a Danish galley sank—
Fierce and deadly was the fray,
Hero upon hero lay,
And their blood the waters drunk.

"But the victory came ere long,
Ere the coming-on of night;
Vengeance overcame the strong,
We were quitted of our wrong,—
Ours the glory of the fight!

"Glad was Edric, in his pride,
For the deed that he had done;
Gladder yet when by his side
Stood the fair one for his bride,
Guerdon meet for victory won."

Thus the harper—feasting o'er—
Let the mead to music move,
Sing to us of days of yore,
Of the chiefs that are no more—
Sing of fight, and sang of love.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

ALGERIAN AMUSEMENTS.

Amongst the most popular entertainments in the East are singing and dancing. There are, however, many more enlivening forms of amusement in the circumscribed limits of Europe than a musical performance by an Algerine lady. The vocalism for the most part consists of a monotonous kind of chant to the accompaniment of a tambour, the tambouriste occasionally acting as chorus. The unbroken monotony of the tambour-playing is as distressing to musical ears as it would be to listen to half-a-dozen, so-called "comic" vocalists of the period singing "Slap Bang," "Up in a Balloon," and "Walking in the Zoo" in complacent unison! *La danse* in Algeria is more attractive. Our illustrations represent the young wife of a Cadi preparing for the dance Algerian, and a fair maiden exhibiting Terpsichorean mysteries to an appreciative native audience. When dancing young Algerian *danses*, holding a handkerchief in each hand, keeps her head and shoulders immovable, her limbs swaying with a kind of undulating swimming motion, and the whole figure hardly changes its place. The dancer frequently sings all the time she is gyrating.

HOW TO MEASURE OUR MINUTES.

Captain Noble, of the firm of Sir William Armstrong and Co., has invented a new and wonderful instrument for measuring the velocity of a projectile within the bore of a gun. By the chronoscope a second of time can be divided into a million parts. The inaccuracy of the thousandth part of a second (says *Scientific Opinion*) would be a greater comparative error than the loss of an hour a day by an ordinary watch! The chronoscope consists of six brass disks, each 36 in. in circumference and about one-sixth of an inch thick. These are firmly secured to a spindle or axle, which is geared to a train of wheelwork, the whole being driven by a weight something similar to a clock-weight. Each wheel travels five times as fast as the one immediately preceding it, so that a very rapid motion of rotation is imparted to the disks, the rate of speed being measured by a clock or stop-watch attached to one of the slower-moving wheels. When the instrument is in full spin the disks are revolving at the rate of about twenty-eight times in one second, and as they are 36 in. in circumference, an inch of disk corresponds to about the thousandth part of a second, the tenth of an inch to the ten-thousandth part of a second, and the thousandth of an inch to the millionth of a second.

The instrument is provided with a graduated scale, vernier and magnifier, by which the thousandth part of an inch is read off. The passage of the shot in the bore of the gun is recorded on the edge of each disk by a tiny electric spark, derived from a Ruhmkorff coil. A brass discharger is fixed in an ebonite plate; opposite each disk wires pass from this through an electric battery and coil to the gun, where they communicate with the interior of the bore by means of screw plugs in the side of the gun. The shot cannot pass out of the bore without cutting the wires thus communicating with the inside, and as each wire is cut a spark is emitted from a discharger, and the edge of the corresponding disk receives a mark on some prepared paper with which it is covered. This most ingenious instrument has been in use for some months at Woolwich, and will be extensively used by the special committee on explosives during their experiments on the pressure of fired gunpowder of various descriptions in the bores of heavy guns.

EXTENSION OF SALTLEY.

TRAINING COLLEGE. On the 9th inst. Lady Lyttelton laid the inscription stone of the model and practising schools in connection with the Worcester, Lichfield, and Hereford Training College at Saltley, near Birmingham. Lord Lyttelton, to whom the College is under great obligation, was present and took part in the proceedings, as did also Sir C. Adair, and the Principal of the College. For several years the change now made has been contemplated, but various causes had prevented the enlargement. The special object of the extension is to provide a building in which the students of the college may learn the art of teaching; but the children of the neighbourhood will also be received and instructed. Standing on two-and-a-half acres of land, the new schools are estimated to cost £3,500, only £2,400 of which has been promised up to the present time. Mr. G. T. Robinson, of Manchester, is the architect.

The Denaby Main Colliery dispute is over; a compromise having been come to by the employers and the union.

The Rev. Septimus Andrews, vicar of Market Harborough, is reported to have been received into the Roman Catholic Church. *Westminster Gazette*.

The first of a series of services for the working classes took place at St. Mary's Church, Nottingham, on Monday evening. The vicar, the Rev. Prebendary Morse, was the preacher.

In Cambridgeshire there are 8 parishes, townships, or hamlets without either public house or beerhouse; in Derbyshire, 21; Gloucestershire, 83; Herefordshire, 37; Leicestershire, 80; Lincolnshire, 116; Nottinghamshire, 62; Oxfordshire, 9; Shropshire, 63; Warwickshire, 41; Worcestershire, 38.

PROPOSED SAFETY CRADLE.

"M. A. H." writes to us suggesting a means whereby life may be saved in cases where suffocation appears and often is inevitable. Our correspondent says: "The 'safety-cradle' I propose might be made of strong iron wire or basket-work, and should be sunk below the surface of the water in every well, but more especially in cases where repairs, &c., require the descent of a man in an atmosphere possibly rendered dangerous by poisonous gases. In such cases the 'cradle' should be drawn up a little above the dreaded proximity of these vapours, and should giddiness supervene the sufferer would fall into the very frame-work prepared by means of ropes attached to a windlass for conveying him without delay into a purer atmosphere, instead of plunging helplessly either into the dreaded gas or water beneath him, and necessitating a risk of others' lives to bring him to the surface. The 'safety-cradle' or net-work to be employed might be attached to the windlass or other machinery in wells or the shafts of mines, by longer chains or ropes than those in ordinary use, and would thus remain stationary, unless needed, when some few extra turns of the windlass would bring it into play. These 'cradles' for use in pits might be made of several stages, and compressible, when not required to carry many people."



ALGERIAN DANCER.

The explosion at the Avondale mine, Plymouth, Pennsylvania, which we reported last week, has been as disastrous as we feared. Every collier in the workings perished. The bodies had been brought to the surface, when it was found they numbered 202. The scene was most painful at the colliery, where the weeping relatives of the dead had assembled. The bodies were not burnt, and were easily recognizable. All had evidently died from suffocation.



ALGERIAN HANDKERCHIEF DANCER.

NEWS OF THE MIDLANDS.

Mr. Charles Dickens has agreed to deliver the opening address for the autumn term of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, in the Birmingham Town Hall, on Monday the 27th inst.

Walsall is said to have a public-house for every 122 of the population.

The Birmingham charitable collections are to be made on Sunday, October 21.

The foot and mouth disease has broken out amongst the cattle at Wolverhampton.

Mr. R. Crosskey, Mayor, has been elected president of the Lichfield Liberal Association.

William Tomkins, a wheelwright, of Alcester, fell down some steps on Friday and died in an hour.

The cricket match between the All England and Twenty-two of Lichfield and District ended on Saturday in a draw.

Harvest thanksgiving services have been held at Alvechurch and Headless Cross. At the former place Dr. Temple was the preacher.

The proposed asphalt footpath in the Hagley Road, Birmingham, is a failure. The asphalt, which is said to have been improperly mixed, is removed.

John Steele, a miner, who was unwell, fell from a cage to the bottom of a pit at Roughwood Colliery, Bloxwich, on Thursday, and died in a few minutes.

A fire occurred last week at Messrs. Brown-Hill's china and earthenware manufactory, near Hanley, and before the fire was extinguished damage to the amount of £500 was done.

The Emperor Napoleon has been pleased to forward, for the use of the Broseley Reading Room and Library at Salop, a copy of his Majesty's "Life of Julius Caesar."

At the Birmingham Watch Committee's meeting, on Tuesday, it was stated that during the past year 20,000 tramps passed through the wards of the Workhouse, an increase of 3,000 over last year.

The Warwick magistrates, on Monday, committed eight men for trial for brutally wounding George H. Watts, a keeper to Lord Warwick. Watts was most cruelly treated; his face was a mass of bruises.

The will of the late Mr. Joseph Tarrant, of Wolverhampton, has been proved at Hereford, under £180,000 personally. The deceased gentleman was formerly a hardware merchant at Wolverhampton.

A brutal wife-beater, Thomas Cooke, of Wednesbury, got three months imprisonment on Friday. Cooke said he was not married, but the woman produced her "lines" to show that she was his lawful wife.

The bazaar in aid of the Staniforth Street (Birmingham) Ragged and Infant Schools will be held next week, beginning on Tuesday, at the Town Hall, under distinguished patronage. The Goldstream Guards' Band will perform each day.

It is stated that the Warwick Cup will be hereafter retained in name only on the Warwick September programme, the committee, after several years' failure, having resolved to give its value, 200 sows, in specie, for a handiicap.

The new Roman Catholic Church of St. Peter, Bloxwich, was opened on Tuesday, by the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, R.C. Bishop of Birmingham. There was a pontifical high mass, and at the close Dr. Ullathorne pronounced a forty days' indulgence.

Joseph Lees, a brass moulder, employed at the Great Western Railway Works at Wolverhampton, was much injured on Thursday, by another man throwing a piece of brass, which fell on Lee's head. He was taken to the South Staffordshire Hospital.

About eleven o'clock on Saturday night Mr. Francis Collett, 112, High Street, Deritend, Birmingham, was going along St. Paul's Square in a trap, when two men jumped into the vehicle, garrotted him, and rifled his pockets of £50 worth of gold and silver.

On Tuesday, at the Oldbury Police Court, Mr. Joseph Rowley, a retail brewer of that town, was fined £50 (with a recommendation that it be reduced to £20), for having in his custody a quantity of grains of paradise, being a substitute for malt, contrary to law.

The Walsall United Lecture Institute began its second series of lectures and readings on Thursday evening. Mr. J. M. Bellevue was the reader. Several talented readers—Mr. G. Dawson, Miss Glyn, Mr. Gerald Massey, Mr. J. K. Applebee, &c. are engaged.

Having had a dispute with his master (Mr. Shorthouse, of the Bell Inn, Wednesbury), Edward Perry, a groom, attempted suicide in a stable. He was unsuccessful in his insane attempt to hang himself, and has had to answer for his conduct before the magistrates.

Mr. John Bright, M.P., arrived at Tulchan Lodge, Stratford-upon-Avon, on Thursday evening, to spend a few days with Mr. Bass, M.P., whose picturesque Highland Lodge in Glen Tulchan, on the banks of the Spey, has recently been considerably extended and improved.—*Scotsman*.

Richard Sprat, a lithographer, of Blucher Street, Birmingham, is in custody charged with attempting to murder his wife and destroy his own life. The attempt was made on Sunday night, the 29th ult., in the bedroom, where prisoner struck his wife violently with a poker. The man was jealous of her, without, it is said, any cause.

At the Dudley Guardians' meeting on Friday, Mr. Walton said he had read in the newspapers that Mr. Breakwell, the chairman of the recent miners' conference, had said that a guardian of the parish in which they sat had declined to allow a man disabled in his pit any field pay, but had got the same amount for him from the parish. He believed the honour of the Board was at stake, and that the matter ought to be inquired into. Other guardians being of the same opinion the clerk was ordered to write to the chairman of the conference asking for full information as to the charge.

A numerous committee has been formed for the purpose of aiding the Rev. Charles Voysey in his defence against the proceedings instigated by the Archbishop of York. Amongst the gentlemen who have consented to act are Viscount Amberley, Viscount Arctur, Sir W. V. Guise, Dean Stanley, Mr. J. J. Jowett, Sir W. Trevelyan, and Sir Charles Lyell.

Messrs. S. Alcock and Co., of the Standard fish-hook works, Redditch, gave 140 of their employees an excursion to Bromsgrove Lickey a few days ago. The party, who were accompanied by the brass band of the Rifle Corps, had a capital dinner at the Old Rose and Crown, under the presidency of Mr. Samuel Alcock, whose health was warmly drunk.

The lists of burgesses recently sent to the Town Clerk of Birmingham by the overseers of several parishes contain the names of nearly 50,000 persons. There are upwards of 2,000 women on the burgess roll for the parish of Birmingham, and 476 for Edgbaston. There are also a large number for the parish of Aston (Daddison-cum-Nicholls and Deritend and Bordesley Wards).

The anniversary services of the Birmingham Auxiliary to the London Missionary Society were held on Sunday, in the various congregational chapels in the town and district. The business meeting was held on Tuesday evening, at Carr's Lane Chapel, on Friday night. He chose for his subject "Lessons from the Life of Michael Angelo," and made a very instructive and entertaining discourse. He characterised the Birmingham Water-colour Exhibition as "the closest, calmest, quietest, most hermit, anchoret-like retreat that had ever been found in the town."

Mr. George Dawson delivered the opening lecture of the Birmingham Art Students' Literary Association, at the Lecture Theatre of the Midland Institute, on Friday night. He chose for his subject "Lessons from the Life of Michael Angelo," and made a very instructive and entertaining discourse. He characterised the Birmingham Water-colour Exhibition as "the closest, calmest, quietest, most hermit, anchoret-like retreat that had ever been found in the town."

Frederick Higgett, of Bilston, was on Friday fined £5 and costs for allowing drunkenness at his house, the Flough. The same magistrate sentenced Eliza Westwood to go for a month for beating her mother; and fined William Graham, a collier, £3 and costs (or two months' imprisonment) for indecently assaulting a child five years old. In the latter case the child's parents actually wished to withdraw the charge, though we presume, from the decision come to, it was clearly proved!

The borough of Leicestershire (the population of which numbers about 80,000) has a burgess roll of 15,000 persons, of whom between 3,000 and 3,500 are female voters. Having in view the forthcoming municipal elections—at which females will be allowed to vote for the first time—the ladies have already begun to bestir themselves, and in one of the largest of the females' association has been formed with one of the fair sex as president. The political creed of the females' association is said to be "thoroughly independent."

An inquest was held at the Roebuck Inn, Moor Street, Birmingham, on Tuesday, by Dr. Pitt Rivers, Coroner, upon the skeleton of a child which was found on Thursday week in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Temple Street. A person calling himself Professor Roberts and his wife, who had been in 1877 with an exhibition of anatomical models; and as it was impossible to say whether the child had ever lived, the jury returned a verdict that the skeleton was found in the hall, and under what circumstances it was put there no evidence was adduced to show.

A singular spectacle has been witnessed near the Netherton railway station, Dudley. The recent heavy rains caused the culvert to give way at a point near the tunnel. The coal which here crops up has been on fire, and, together with the rain of water, occasioned the giving way of a portion of the embankment. The coal and earth have been falling in large quantities upon the line, and watchful care had to be dispensed to prevent an accident, and to remove, impede the traffic. The water ran rapidly along the line, and on Sunday flooded the goods station.

The Redditch people are at odds on the gas question. As Mr. Clift, the present proprietor of the Redditch Works, was unwilling, on terms, the promoters of the agitation made a partial canvass of the town on Saturday for the purpose of getting promises to take shares, when the result was most satisfactory, about £1,500 worth having been taken, with certain promises that gives the assurance that after a continuation of the canvass about £5,000 worth will have been signed for. There is also a dispute on a public question in the needle town between the townsmen and the agent of the lady of the manor.

At a meeting at Birmingham, on Thursday, of the Birmingham and South Staffordshire Corn Trade Association, the Chairman (Mr. E. Willson), presiding, the committee reported, and was satisfied as the ultimate result of the committee's proceedings that the carrying companies had notified to the chairman their decision to carry grain into the district by computed weight on the 1st of August last, and recommended that the association be made permanent, with the object of taking up at any time any matter affecting the interests of the corn trade, was unanimously adopted. The association is to be a permanent one.

A rather singular accident occurred a few evenings ago to Charles Brown, a porter, in the employ of Mr. Wm. Pratt, grocer, Church-street, Bilston. It seems that he was at the Dudley Corn Exchange, and in the course of handing some coppers to the landlady dropped a penny into a jug of ale. Brown, a minute afterwards, took up the jug, and in drinking the ale it contained swallowed the penny also. The landlady, who saw him do this, immediately called in Mr. Larkin, surgeon, and Mr. Malin (assistant to Mr. Best), attempted to extract it, but found such a course impossible, and the last-named gentleman, who was called in to assist, advised that Medicine has since been administered to the unfortunate fellow, but he still suffers, and is unable to follow his occupation.—*Midland Counties Express*.

At a public meeting at Chester, on Monday, to take into consideration the arrangements that should be made for giving a royal reception to their Royal Highnesses, on their visit to the city at the opening of the New Town Hall, an influential committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements for the reception of the royal visitors, and £1,600 was promised for carrying out demonstrations of loyalty upon the occasion. It is expected that the Prince and Princess will arrive at Chester on the evening of the 19th or 14th October, and that the Town Hall will be opened on the following day.

Some years ago Barnum made an attempt to lay vulgar hands upon one of the most interesting memorials of the poet which yet remain within the classic precincts of Newstead. The wretched tree on which hung Byron, on the occasion of his last visit, out his own name and that of his sister Augusta, is still preserved in the principal avenue. Mrs. Hawthorne relates that Barnum, with a contractor who certainly he never surpassed, requested Colonel Wildman, the then proprietor of Newstead, to sell the tree to him for five hundred pounds. The Colonel's reply was, that he would not take five thousand pounds for it, and that he should never make such a proposition, deserved to be shot.

The Oxford Chronicle reports an amusing attempted elopement. A lovely and charming blonde, whose father was cruelly obtuse, had nearly escaped through the window to join her sweetheart, who, having written everything for an immediate wedding. As she put her delicate foot through the window upon the first round of the ladder, alas! alas! her crinoline caught upon the handle of the door, and she, and the poor girl, unable to advance or retreat, was detained until a chambermaid accidentally entered the room and released her from her perilous position. Of course the bell created an alarm, which rendered elopement impossible.

An institution of a somewhat novel character has been added to those already existing in the Church of England. It is under the direction of a council of reference, consisting of Lord Lyttelton, the Earls of Glasgow and Strathmore, Lord Eliot, Lord Richard Cavendish, the Hon. C. Courtenay, Sir H. P. Lubbock, the Hon. H. Walpole, the Hon. C. L. Wood, the Hon. and Rev. H. Douglas, the Hon. and Rev. R. Liddell, Mr. R. Brett, Mr. R. Few, Dr. Gully, and other gentlemen, and its object is to afford to the working clergy opportunities of refreshment to body and soul at the lowest reasonable cost. The institution is near Malvern, and the Rev. James Skinner, M.A., Vicar of Newland, has been appointed its first provisional manager.

On Tuesday portions of a gold watch were found in a manure pit at Shrewsbury. They were taken to the Police Office, and given up to the Chief Constable. On examination there can be no doubt they formed part of one of the watches of a man named Zusan, who was an unfortunate Zusan at the time of the Stirely murder. Both portions of the outer case have been forcibly wrenched off, but only the bottom portion has been found. Inside the case is a watch of 1888, which leads to the inference that the upper part, which would not bear the number, had been retained by the person who placed the watch in the pit as being not so good as the one he lost. This also bears the name "Cohen, Birmingham."

The Nottingham Daily Guardian says Detective Officer Carswell, of the Sheffield Borough police force, has had an encounter with a Nottingham burglar that nearly cost him his life. Shaw, the burglar referred to, was so badly wounded he was taken to the County Hospital, where he has been lying for some time. Carswell, who attempted to strangle him, had a life-and-death struggle on the ground. Carswell had by far the worst of it, receiving six or seven savage kicks from Shaw, who, however, was not so successful. Shaw, who was bruised him on various parts of the body. Finding himself getting worsted, the detective in the Queen's name asked the bystanders to assist, but, strange to say, they declined to do so. Shaw, who was badly wounded, was taken to the County Hospital, where he has been lying for some time. Carswell, who attempted to strangle him, had a life-and-death struggle on the ground. 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NAILERS OUT OF WORK.

(From our Special Reporter.)

There are few sights more depressing than an industrial centre when the human ants have nothing to do but crawl about the place, wishing for better times. Everything participates in a general gloom; an unnatural quietude prevails; the men stand in the streets with their hands—and, alas! nothing else—in their pockets; the women remain indoors, doing "a bit of plain sewing;" and the children, with unwashed faces, play in the gutter, and wonder why daddy is not in 't shop.

This was the state of things just now in the nail districts—at Old Hill, at Halesowen, at Cradley, and thereabout, where the nailers, as many readers of this Journal will not need to be told, have been on strike for the past ten weeks, owing to a reduction in wages. The history of the nail trade has indeed been one of little else but strikes during the last thirty years. There was a strike in the spring of 1842, when the nailers actually seized several masters, and made them march to Dudley. Some of the masters there shared the same fate as their neighbours had experienced, and it was not until the Riot Act had been read, and the military from Birmingham called out, that the masters were released, and the mob of nailmakers driven from the town. The Dudley workmen subsequently appear to have treated some of the masters so badly that the latter, who had been used to meet periodically to settle the men's wages, refused to give them any more assistance. I am indebted for these particulars to a publication entitled "The Resources, Products, and Industrial History of Birmingham and the Midland Hardware District," which comprises a series of reports collected by the Local Industries Committee of the British Association at Birmingham, in 1865, and edited by Mr. Samuel Timmins. As regards wages, one of the contributors to this admirable volume (Mr. Ephraim Ball) states that from 1810 to 1840 the rate of wages, with few exceptions, for making a pound of two-inch horsenails was 34d.; in 1842 and 1843 it was reduced to 24d. per lb.; but in 1864 the rate of wages advanced to 54d. per lb.

The day of my visit to the nailing district—Monday, the 6th of September—was the beginning of the eleventh week of what will be henceforward known as "the long strike" of 1897; and hearing that a large meeting was to be held at Old Hill, I resolved to begin my investigations at that place. A long, straggling village, you hardly know where Old Hill ends and where the next hamlet begins, the line of separation is so thinly shown. Upon leaving the railway station one's natural question was, first, where the meeting which had been announced in the papers was to be held. One sturdy labourer had "heard nowt about it;" another believed "it was at the Cross—a good mile a-head;" and a third, who, with two children at his heels, looked as much out of work as he possibly could, gave me the ungratifying information that "t' meetin' wur jest over," adding, in irrefragable proof thereof, "Yar they coom." And "yar they" did "coom," sure enough, in twos and threes and fours, the pictures of distress. Many who read these lines will only have seen the factory hands in the picturesque costume selected for them by the theatrical costumer, and worn in some drama in which the interest centres upon a smart young miner or a factory girl who has been tempted by her employer's son. Bob Brierley in "The Ticket-of-leave Man," and the heroine in Mr. Byron's capital play, "The Lancashire Lass," are very interesting as seen from the front row of the dress circle, or a cozy pit stall, but they are no more like the real article than a "shoddy" millionaire, with a palatial residence in Seventy-four street, New York, is to the Duke of Barcelona, with his grand old baronial hall in the Midlands, and his town house in Park Lane. I make this digression to show you that the contrast in appearance between say an ordinary town artisan and a Staffordshire nailer is not as great as is popularly supposed. There was something painfully real about these nailers; half-starving men and women have not overmuch of the picturesque about them. Neatly dressed for the most part, some were whose whole stock of wearing apparel would not have brought half-a-crown at the pawnbroker's. Although they had been out of work ten weeks, the majority of them appeared not to be in actual want; but it was well-nigh starvation times with them. The meeting—one of many which had taken place in the district—was just over when I arrived at "The Cross"—a locality in the best part of the village, where there are a few shops, a public-house or two, and some better-class houses than at the other end of the place. Almost hidden in a valley, Old Hill is surrounded by pit—"bonks," shafting, and all the varied minutiae of a Black Country district. In their poor "Sunday best" clothes, the nailers who had "struck" stood about the village, with a do-nothing look about them that was pitiable for its very formlessness. There were no signs of work from one end of the

place to the other. Yet was it not a "deserted village;" round by the "Cross"—the name of the principal public-house—clustered the out-of-work men to hear the state of affairs discussed and detailed by several speakers from a cart drawn up inside the inn-gate. Passing over these speeches (which have been reported more or less fully in the newspapers), with the remark that they were temperate in tone and manner, albeit the speakers were firm in exhorting the men to remain out until the masters granted "the 1864 list," let us see what the men have to say in defence of their conduct in this particular strike.

The statement of William Wakeman, who has been all his life a nailer at Old Hill, was as follows, as taken down by the writer:—

"The men have to work very hard to get as much as 10s. a week. Out of that 10s. it will cost a man for carriage of iron, firing, and materials, 1s. per week. At 16s. in the pound, I take up 8s. At my house, a close place, I have got a wife and three children; others have three or four, seven or eight, as I know they have; and where I can go and get 10s., there's many as can't get above 6s., and their families may be the same as mine. When I have made £1 worth of nails, a master may take off 4s.; some take off as much as 6s., others as low as 2s. I know a man that has seven children; he can't earn more than 7s. a week, and he shall work his hardest twelve hours a day. Our rent is on an average, for shop and house, 2s. per week; some pay 2s. 6d."

George Parsons's statement was as follows:— "I am one of the best workmen. I might earn from year's end to year's end 11s. or 12s. a week at the 20s. to the pound [scale]. I have got a wife and three children to keep out of that. My wife must work hard to get 3s. We all work at drawn-nail-making. The eldest of my children (a boy and two girls) is nine; neither, of course, can do anything."

The men then detailed the circumstances which led up to the strike. I give the statement as near as possible in their own words:—In February, 1898, there was a strike over the discount. It was then 18s. in the pound. They [the masters] took off 10 per cent. That the men got back again. In the following July they [the masters] took off another 10 per cent. The men got that back also. That brought things back to the 20s. discount. Ten weeks ago Mr. Lewis and Meers. Perry and Brookes would not pay the full 20s. in the pound for all sorts of nails, the same as the other masters did. Their men went out of employment. We tried to pay them something like a living; we paid them till we were obliged to discontinue it. They went in again at the 18s., at the same time the others were having 20s. The ready-money masters reduced it to 18s. They worked at the 18s. for about four months, and then the masters brought it down to 16s. in the pound. Then there was a general turn-out.

These statements were made at the Cross public-house, in what was apparently the best inn's best room—a long, low-ceilinged apartment, with at one end a stage, on which entertainments are occasionally given. There was the drop-scene, but no orchestra; the tawdry properties, but no actors or actresses; the "wings," with no busy prompter at hand; a queer place, in all conscience, for Melpomene to have set up her stage in. But outside this tavern-theatre there was being enacted a play of terrible sternness and dread reality, as many a man, pinched faces attested. Now what the men told me, as is recorded above, might have been either exaggerated or false altogether. This might have been, I say; but the melancholy spectacle which greeted me as I stepped over the threshold of George Parsons' poor dwelling, in "Baker's Fold," was only too real. There was not the faintest suspicion of "shamming" about that. Parsons' house consists of two rooms, one up and one down stairs, with a shop adjoining, of which more presently. In the lower room sat Parsons' wife, sewing. Their daughter, who appeared to be about fifteen, was sitting by the grate, huddled up in an old shawl—nothing besides. The youngest child, about four years old, was playing about the room. "Look here, sir," said Parsons, whipping the child up in his arms, and half-crying, "look at her, poor dear, with hardly a bit of shoe-leather for her feet!" To detail everything in the room were a light task. One round table, with a small basin on it; some poor tattered clothes, hung up to dry; a pannikin on the hob; a teapot, and one or two cups; a rough wooden couch, destitute of covering; this was all. The mortar showed through the papered walls; the only neat-looking article in the room was the polished grate. But it is to the upstairs apartment that I crave the reader's attention for a moment. We hear now and then of the shocking immorality in the houses of the very poor, and sternly-virtuous platform orators make the subject a text for their remarks concerning the wickedness and heathenness of these people, whose greatest misfortune is that they are poor. To such as these I should like to show the sleeping room of George Parsons at Baker's Fold. This bedroom is about fifteen feet by nine. It contains a rough four-post bedstead with bare poles,

tattered sacking, one miserable sheet and a bolster of the utmost attenuation. There is a "shake-down"—a flock mattress—with no sheets, blankets, or bed-covering whatever, if you except a dirty sheet about the size of a man's pocket-handkerchief, and so tattered and torn as to be useless for purposes of covering. There is an empty cradle, and that is all. In this wretched fifteen-by-nine room five persons nightly sleep—the father, the mother, and the three children, aged respectively 20 (the son), 15, and "nearly four!" One child, ten months old, they have buried since the strike. What, after this kind, can be worse than this Black Country interior? The brutes in the fields are not more closely herded together than these unfortunate nailers. Their poverty is something appalling in its intensity. Parsons assured me that "he didn't know the taste of meat. They mostly had a cup of tea and some bread for breakfast and dinner, and little else." But they bear their starvation bravely. You may walk through Baker's Fold a dozen times a day, if the sight does not sicken you, and never be asked for a halfpenny in charity.

Adjoining Parsons' house is his workshop. Here is a forge, with the materials for hand-nail-making, which have to be found by the nailer out of his earnings. His dies cost from 30d. to 6d. each; some of them last no more than a fortnight—others only an hour. Wife, son, and eldest daughter work in the shop; "and out of the four," said Parsons, "we have to work hard to get 20s. a week."

They work fourteen or fifteen hours a day, five days and a half in the week, with the above-stated result. The question of comparative earnings I shall not discuss—it will more fully make a subject for editorial treatment; all I have attempted to do has been to put upon record the inner life during a strike of a small section of the nails which make up the tolling thousands of the Black Country.

[We rejoice to learn that this week has seen the end of the strike, and that the "1864" list has been conceded by the masters. On Wednesday there was a thanksgiving service at Halesowen Church. Iron was given out on the same day at nearly all the warehouses at Rowley.]

THE INTERNATIONAL WORKING MEN'S CONGRESS.

At Basle is being held the fourth annual congress of the International Working Men's Association. On the first day of the session upwards of 60 delegates presented themselves. England is represented by Mr. R. Applegarth, Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners; Mr. Ecosair, the General Secretary; Mr. Cowell Denney, the Treasurer; Mr. Jung, the Secretary for Switzerland; Mr. Lucraft, as member of the Council; and Mr. Lesener, as delegate of the German Arbeiter-Bildungs-Verein of London. The annual report of the General Council, a rather lengthy document, is entirely devoted to notices of strikes and the riots arising out of them. Everywhere the Association has been branded as the instigator of those strikes, and the report gives some particulars to show that the Association has simply been used as a scapegoat. The report of the General Council was followed by the special reports of branches and sections. Mr. Applegarth, invited to give an account of England, said that he had a somewhat different account to give to those we have heard to-day. Fortunately in England we have no need of creeping into holes and corners lest a policeman should see us. If we meet in open daylight, we can organize ourselves and treat of any question that may affect us without any fear. I am the secretary of a society which has been but a few years in existence. In 1889 we established the Society of the Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners. We commenced with 600 members, but without any funds whatever. At present we are 9,500 strong; we have branches not only in all parts of England and Ireland and America, but we have £17,000 in hand, and have granted relief to many men in sickness, for loss of tools, accidents, superannuation allowances, amounting in all to £30,000. We give £100 to a member who by an accident becomes permanently disabled from work, and we provide for members when past work from old age. We have combined the benefit with the trade fund, and find it works well. We have no high salaries offered to provide for out of our benefit funds, like some of the assurance companies. During the last few years we have had some political struggles. We have now household suffrage, that is, every one who rents a house has a vote. Our houses are not so large as yours; in many parts there is but one family to a house. Having got this political power, we shall soon find out how to use it. This political power was acquired by the joint efforts of the Trades Unions and the Reform League. Some time ago the commission of an odious crime was revealed at Sheffield which the capitalists and their Press were eager to lay to the charge of the Trades Unions. They demanded an inquiry, a vote to destroy the Trades Unions. The Trades Unions, on their part, demanded an inquiry into the whole condition of Trades Unions in England, which was granted. The inquiry ended with a declaration that all the Trades Unions must be recognised by law. The question arose, What do the Trades Unions require in the shape of legislation? We at once set to work to shape our demands. A case arose where a man had embezzled some of his society's money; he could not be prosecuted because we had trade rules. We called a delegate meeting, representing something like 800,000 workmen, and issued an address, and appointed deputations to wait on Ministers, and told them that if they would not give us protection we must put others in their place who would. When we became earnest, and it was found that we were united, members of Parliament sprung up in every direction to assist us, finding their way to the offices of trade secretaries. A law was passed to protect our funds. The Trades Unions have not only won the right of Parliament, but the workmen have won it well. The Trade Union Congress of Birmingham

has passed a resolution inviting trade societies to join this association. We have established a Labour League to return working men to Parliament to remove obnoxious laws. Much that I have heard here were settled questions with us twenty years ago. We have now got into thorough working order, and we want to extend our alliances all over the world. By proper combination we may help each other to what we want."

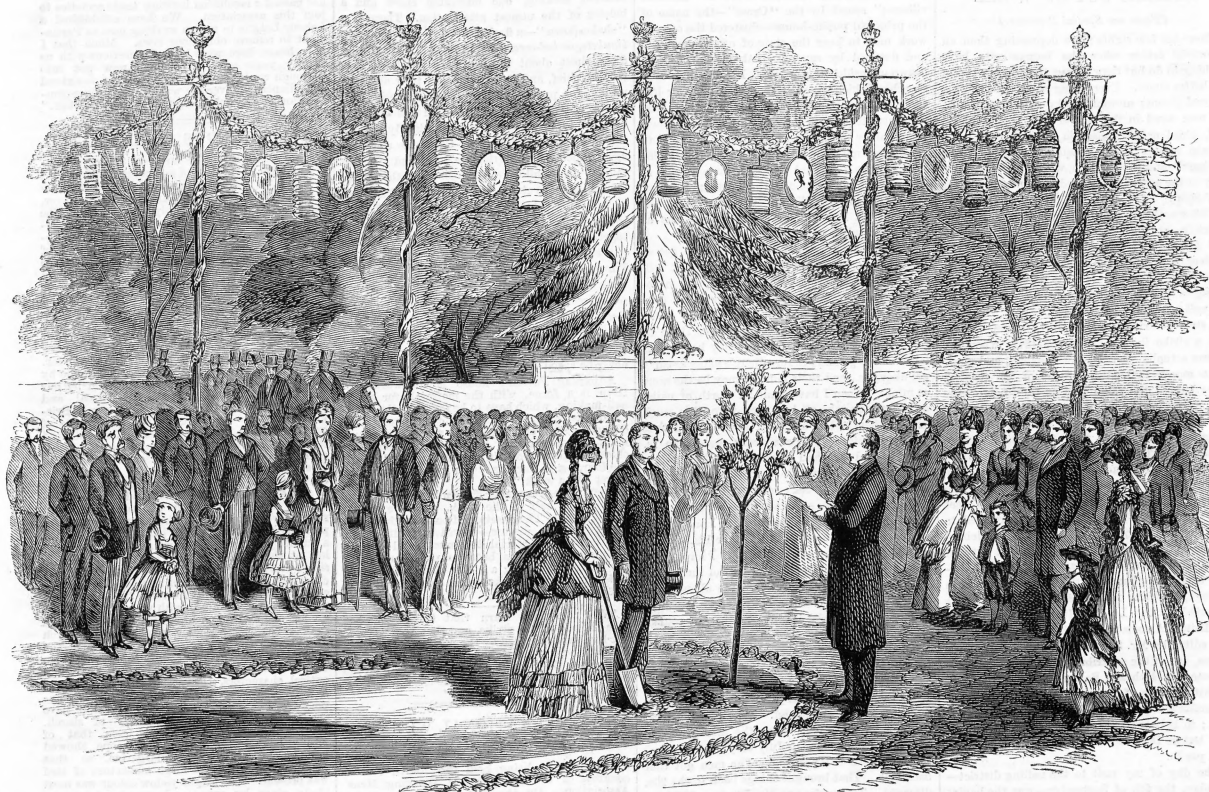
HOW BUTTER IS ADULTERATED.

If anything might be supposed to escape tampering with in this age of adulteration one would think butter would be the fortunate article. An analysis just made of some Irish butter, however, shows that it is enormously adulterated. The *Grocer* is responsible for the accuracy of the following. The consignor, a merchant of Birmingham, paid a high price (108s.) for a parcel of butter imported from Ireland, and being desirous of testing its quality, he took twenty-seven ounces from a fikin, and sent it for analysis to Mr. Stoddart, an eminent analytical chemist of Bristol. We give the result of the analysis. The retailers of this country are in entire ignorance of the compounds which they sometimes buy and sell as butter, and they do upon the respectability of the original vendor. The following is a copy of the report made by Mr. Stoddart upon the butter sent him by our Birmingham correspondent:—Analytical and Pharmaceutical Laboratory, 9, North-street, Bristol. Dear Sir,—I have examined the sample of butter left with me for analysis. You will find the report on the other side, and see that it is a compound of the most wretched description. The weight contained in the jar was twenty-seven ounces. I have, therefore, given the result of my examination in ounces and also centimally. A large quantity of wood and dirty rubbish was obtained by straining, many of the pieces being half an inch in length. On ignition a quantity of fine light brown mineral matter was left at the bottom of the crucible, which consisted principally of alumina, and which was overfused on the addition of an acid. By melting a portion and leaving it for some time, a seventh part of water separated, with which was mixed a quantity of flour or meal which appeared much coarser than wheat flour, nor were the starch granules so perfect or abundant. Under the microscope the vegetable structure was well seen, but as the polariscope did not give the usual optical characters, the probability is that wheat had been employed when this delectable compound was fabricated. Tincture of iodine gave the usual blue colour indicative of starch. The melting point differed from that of ordinary butter, and the microscope showed bundles of crystals of margarine, so that I have no doubt that a large admixture of lard was present. The bright yellow colour was most likely given by annatto, and I beg to assure you, truly, W. WALTER STODDART.

	Ounces.	Per cent.
Water	4.06	or 15.00
Wood, dirt, &c.	78	" 2.92
Meal	2.54	" 9.40
Common salt	1.94	" 6.90
Margarine	4.43	" 16.00
Lard and butter	17.70	" 65.98
Colouring matter	—	—
	27.00	100.00

FEARFUL SCENE AT SEA.

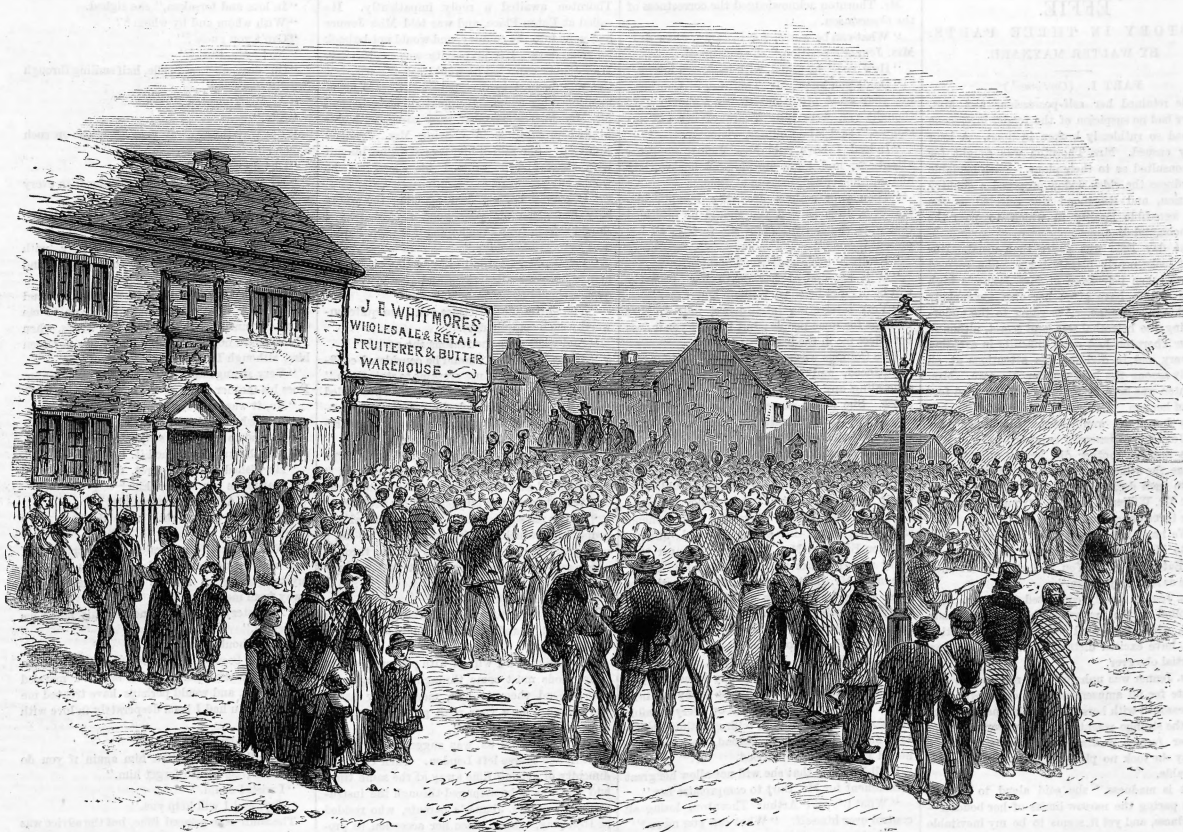
Mr. W. L. Holden, writing from the steamship *Lady Wodehouse*, at anchor off Dungeness, on Sunday, gives a vivid account of a fire on board that vessel caused by the ignition of petroleum. The boat left London on Saturday for Dublin. Part of the cargo (he writes) consisted of petroleum and lucifer matches. Soon after passing Beachy Head, while the whole of the passengers were prostrated by sickness, most of whom were in bed, an alarm of fire was given, which proved too true. The lashings of the petroleum casks on the forecastle gave way, and being dashed against the huge chest of lucifers, immediately ignited, and the petroleum casks, rolling towards the centre of the vessel, set fire to the side of the saloon, burnt down the roof of glass of the gentlemen's sleeping berths, fired two of the lifeboats, &c., the flames rising with fearful rapidity to a great height above the masts, causing a consternation among the passengers and crew beyond any words of mine to portray. Such was the awful nature of the scene, every one giving themselves up for lost; the ladies and gentlemen huddled together, and, with their eyes, awaited with calm fortitude the final scene, when by a merciful providence and the untiring exertions of the crew, aided by some deck soldier passengers, it was reported as subdued, the stench from the paraffin being of a choking character. This fearful scene occupied three terrible hours of doubtful result. The ladies behaved with the greatest fortitude, while several gentlemen volunteered their assistance to extinguish the flames, and with the admirable immediate use of the ship's hose by subduing the flames restored comparative consolation. The wind, accompanied by rain, continued the whole time, there was no remaining on deck, and every article in the saloon was overturned, and the passengers had at last recourse to the floor from sheer compulsion. No lives were lost, but several wounds and contusions were received. Mr. Holden proceeds to say that he had scarcely composed ourselves with this doubtful security when flames were again seen ascending from the deck of the vessel, creating further alarm it would be futile to attempt to describe. This arose from the chests of lucifer matches, great quantities of which were on board, spontaneously igniting, the whole of which and the petroleum casks were thrown overboard, and happily this second fire was at once extinguished. Let me ask when are we to have protection from the baneful practice of allowing petroleum and such matches to be conveyed by an agency that threatens so many of our travellers? With the state of the weather so vividly in mind, it required only the fumes of this morning to crown the folly and madness of the present practice. After fruitlessly spending the storm for twelve hours, the gallant captain, whom no praise of mine could serve, gave up the attempt to reach Portsmouth Harbour, very reluctantly turned about, and reached Dungeness about three o'clock when we were riding safely at anchor, the wind blowing fearfully, and the sea rolling tremendously.



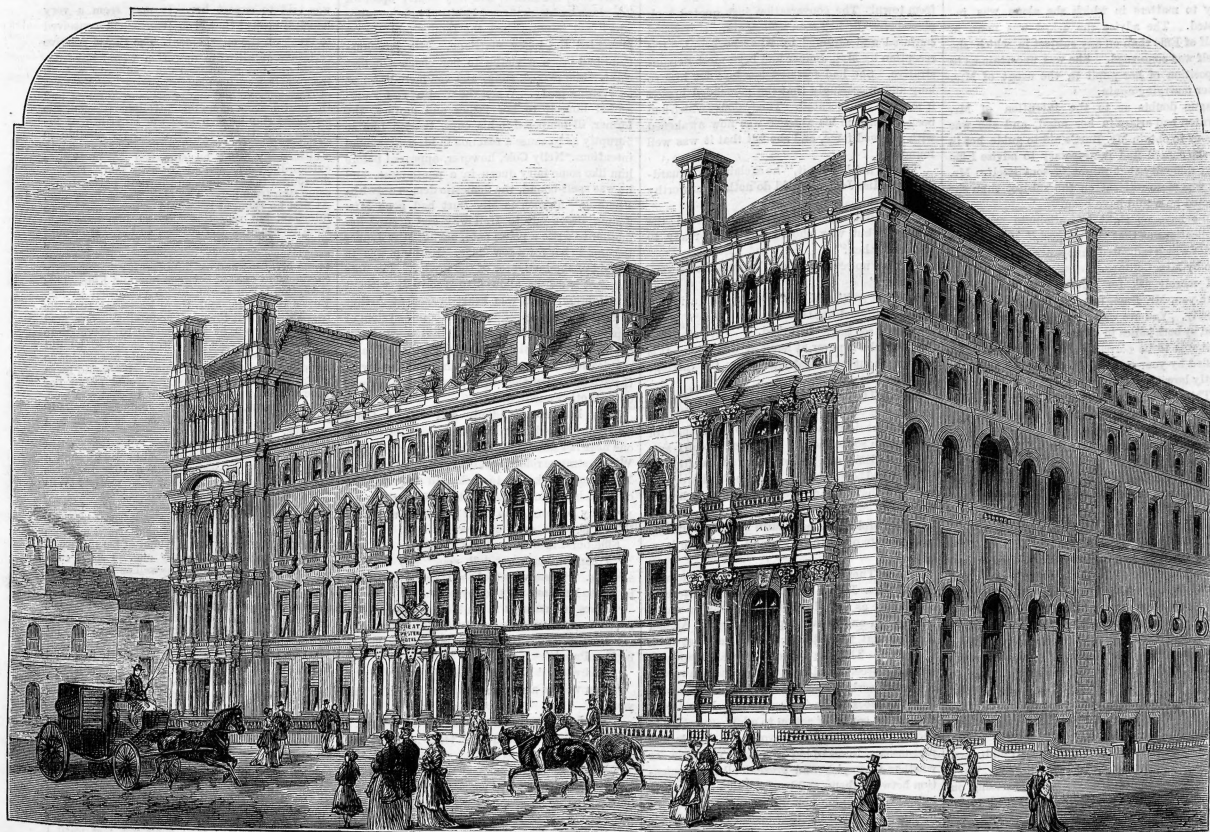
LORD NEWPORT'S MARRIAGE—FESTIVITIES AT CASTLE BROMWICH. (See page 49.)



BIRMINGHAM MARKET HALL. (See page 40.)



NAILERS OUT OF WORK.—SCENE AT OLD HILL. (See page 43.)



THE NEW GREAT WESTERN HOTEL, (SNOW HILL STATION), BIRMINGHAM. (See page 40.)

EFFIE.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.
BY WALTER MAYNARD.

PART I. (Continued.)

Effie retained her self-possession, and Mrs. Jenner had no suspicion of the tender love-scene she had so ruthlessly broken in upon. A long parley ensued. Mrs. Thornton was sought for and consulted as to their plans. With laudable shrewdness the elder widow proposed a country excursion, and Richmond was selected as the most agreeable locality in which to pass the afternoon and dine.

That day Effie was gay as usual. Her bright looks nearly betrayed her. She seemed to have taken possession of Mrs. Jenner's high spirits and to have given her own melancholy thoughts in exchange. According to the understanding the betrothal was kept secret, although Arthur Thornton had some difficulty in avoiding discovery and in dividing his attentions at all equally among the ladies under his care. Mrs. Thornton was kept in ignorance of the good fortune of her son. She knew he admired Effie, but fondly hoped he would secure the larger prize Mrs. Jenner was generally supposed to be.

The anxious mother did her utmost to encourage the attachment which she fancied would lead to such desirable results, as well as to conciliate Mr. William Jenner in favour of some one of her three daughters.

"We must not lose sight of each other," she said to Mrs. Jenner the day of her departure from Eaton Place. "You will come to Coombe Lodge as soon as you can."

Mrs. Jenner readily consented to do so. She was blind to the motives of her recently-made friend, whose reiterated assurances of affection might have excited distrust in the mind of any impartial observer.

Mrs. Jenner was unhappy. A restlessness and distaste for all amusements had come over her. She reasoned with herself and tried hard to conquer the strange resentment she experienced for all her former pastimes and occupations. In society she took no pleasure, when alone she was miserable.

"It is madness," she said aloud to herself, while pacing the narrow limits of her boudoir—"madness, and yet it seems to be my inevitable destiny. Why should we have been thrown together, and why can I not now avoid him?" Mrs. Jenner was in love, and the object of her love was Mr. Arthur Thornton.

Miss Collings, when she consulted Mr. Burt on some law business, did not restrict herself entirely to matters in which she alone was interested. The advice she asked was more in behalf of Effie than on any subject in which she herself was concerned. She was uncertain as to the position of her pupil in the event of Mrs. Jenner marrying again.

Vague doubts as to the intention of Mr. Thornton had arisen in her mind, and she was desirous to obtain Mr. Burt's aid to guide her in case she should find it necessary to advise Effie in any difficulty that might present itself. Mr. Burt was more reticent on the subject than she expected he would have been.

"We have no right to anticipate any such complications as that you suggest," he said, in a manner which indicated annoyance at the remarks made by Miss Collings.

"I merely ask for information, and not, I assure you, Mr. Burt, from any motive of vulgar curiosity. You are well aware I am always consulted by both ladies in all matters of importance, and it was to be correct in my judgment, and fortified by your opinion, that I wished to know exactly how they were situated."

"That you have already heard, for, if I recollect right, you were present when I read the will after Mr. Jenner's funeral."

"And that will remain in force?"

"Most assuredly."

"And according to the conditions made Mrs. Jenner cannot marry again?"

"Not without forfeiting her income."

"Which would revert to the heirs-at-law?"

"Precisely so," replied Mr. Burt.

Miss Collings had watched Mrs. Jenner and Arthur Thornton, and had discovered, or far-fetched she had discovered, their attachment. His constant visits, the great intimacy that had so rapidly sprung up between the two families, were all proofs of the truth of her suspicions. With mistaken policy as far as Effie's interests were involved, and urged by an irresistible desire to meddle in the affairs of other people, Miss Collings decided upon taking an opportunity of informing Mr. Thornton of the danger into which he was leading Mrs. Jenner. Baffled in her efforts to speak to him alone, she boldly addressed him on the subject in the presence of Effie. They were together in the library, and conversing on various topics, when legacies happened to be mentioned.

"There are some fortunes fettered with such conditions as to be positively irksome to their possessors," she remarked.

Mr. Thornton acknowledged the correctness of the observation.

"What can be worse, for instance, than dear Mrs. Jenner's position," she continued.

"How so?" he asked, with increased interest. "Don't you know, Mr. Thornton? Considering your great attentions to her I should have thought you were fully aware of her circumstances," said Miss Collings, viciously.

"Indeed I have paid Mrs. Jenner no great attentions, and know nothing of her worldly affairs," he replied, looking at Effie.

"Then your actions are very inexplicable. However, it is as well you should be informed that when she marries again she forfeits all her present income."

"Really!" exclaimed Mr. Thornton.

"It is so; and at her death her property will be divided between William and Effie."

"Very interesting intelligence, indeed, Miss Collings for some people; but I assure you it does not affect me in the least."

Miss Collings was surprised at the indifference he evinced, and attributed it to cleverness in concealing any emotion rather than to the true cause. She never suspected how mistaken she was herself, nor the relative positions of those before whom she had been speaking.

Mrs. Jenner, more alive to jealousy and mistrust, feared the rivalry of her stepdaughter, and devised a scheme which she thought would effectually place a barrier between her supposed opponent and Arthur Thornton. The scheme simply consisted in a matrimonial alliance between Effie and Mr. Burt. Mrs. Jenner took every means in her power to bring this about. She made Mr. Burt believe in Effie's affection for him; she spoke earnestly to Effie of the desirability of choosing a partner, and pointed out Mr. Burt as the most suitable she could find. Such a match would have been in accordance with her father's wish, who, had he lived, would in all probability have urged it strongly himself. The match was talked of openly as likely to take place. Mrs. Jenner spoke of it on every possible occasion. She delighted in telling Arthur Thornton, on his return from abroad, how soon she hoped Effie would be married.

"All I hope is that she will not allow her great attachment for Mr. Burt to compromise her."

"What?" said Arthur Thornton, losing all control over himself. "What can you mean?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Jenner; "but she is young and wayward, and insists on going alone to Mr. Burt's chambers. She completely repudiates my authority; indeed, it is long since I offered her any advice on the subject."

Arthur Thornton had been away some time from town. The conversation just quoted took place before he had seen Effie again. He seemed confused and stunned by what he heard. His reception by Mrs. Jenner had been most demonstrative. She had fostered her love for him so long and unceasingly that she persuaded herself it must be reciprocated. The jealousy which had been softened in his absence was now awakened with renewed force, and she felt that it was well founded.

"I will not believe it," he exclaimed unguardedly; "Miss Jenner would do nothing unworthy of her."

"I do not say she would," continued the widow; "but why should you be so ready to answer for her?"

"I have no reason, except because she is your daughter."

"Is that so?" said Mrs. Jenner, and a ray of hope brightened her face.

"Can I see her?" he asked.

"No; she is never at home at this time. It is always about now that she orders the carriage and goes out alone."

Arthur Thornton could remain no longer in the presence of one who gave him such torture, and to whom he dared not disclose the love he had for the woman so traduced. He hastily took leave. He wrote Effie, and demanded an explanation of all that had been said. "I shall not believe," he wrote, "that you are false to me until I hear it from your own lips. The vows we exchanged I have not broken. I have faith in your truthfulness in spite of all the calumnies that have been uttered."

Arthur Thornton's ill-concealed emotion convinced Mrs. Jenner that she had good cause to dread Effie as a rival. She determined to watch her closely, and to intercept her letters. Among the first that fell into her hands was that from Thornton. This she did not hesitate to open, and when she ascertained the truth by such unworthy means it nearly proved fatal to her. Recovering from the shock of the *dévoilement*, she reflected upon what course of action to adopt—whether to encounter Effie, and endeavour, by threats and persuasions, to make her renounce Thornton, or whether to waylay and prevent all communication between them, and by deception and artifice induce him to give her up. Her knowledge of human nature and intuitive love of intrigue made her choose the latter course. She hid the letter in her desk, enclosed in its envelope, just as she had received it. No answer was sent. Arthur

Thornton awaited a reply impatiently. He called at Eaton Place, and was told Miss Jenner had gone into the country, and would not be back for some days. His perplexity was maddening. Mrs. Jenner expected he would ask for her, but she was doomed to disappointment. He never mentioned her name. Her next step was to send for Mr. Burt. The barrister came with his wonted promptness in obeying Mrs. Jenner's summons. She rallied him for not urging his suit with Effie, and guaranteed his success if he would but persevere.

"It cannot be, my dear madam; the young lady has given me very good reasons why I should refrain from ever hoping for such happiness as to call her mine."

"Pshaw, Mr. Burt, all girls decline at first; a man with your attractions and persuasive eloquence should never despair."

"You flatter me; I assure you I am quite unworthy such compliments."

"And what were the reasons she gave?"

"Those I promised should be considered confidential, and you must not press me to state them."

Mrs. Jenner dropped the subject, and proceeded to tell Mr. Burt how much she required his professional services in the matter of a lease which had been sent her to read and execute.

"This, you are well aware, should be submitted to your solicitor. I can only advise you upon it as a friend," said the scrupulous barrister, who was very strict in the etiquette of his profession.

"If as a friend you would go and look at the property to which it refers you would do me a very great service," replied the widow, through whose mind a fiendish idea had at that moment flashed.

"Where is it situated?"

"Not far from town. It will take you three days probably, and I shall be delighted to defray all expenses."

"To oblige you I will go with pleasure, but the instructions must come through your legal adviser. Send them to him, mention my name, you will then have your wish gratified, and my conscience will be at rest."

Mrs. Jenner did as was suggested, and Mr. Burt in due course left London. Then came the difficulty of getting Effie away at the same time, and that was to be managed through the instrumentality of Mrs. Jenner's parents, who resided at Holloway, where, since her accession to property, she had bought a small house, and allowed them enough out of her income to live comfortably. She had made their fortune and her own too in marrying Mr. Jenner entirely by her own diplomacy and powers of fascination.

Mr. Cole, her father, had very nearly upset all her plans by his confirmed habits of intemperance which had impoverished the family and almost prevented the lucky marriage. Her late husband had fallen a victim to her charms at first sight. She played, sung, and conquered him on an evening party. When the wealthy suitor presented himself to her father and mother, the former, ill-tempered in his cups, treated him so abruptly as to cause a reaction in his matrimonial intentions. Nelly Cole, however, appeared before him like some fairy queen in a pantomime, and he was spell-bound, the domestic demon notwithstanding. As soon as Mr. Burt had gone Mrs. Jenner drove out to Holloway and desired her mother to write a polite note, asking Miss Jenner to come to her for a few days. Nothing was to be said of the instigator of the invite. The note was sent and Effie allowed to receive it without interception. She was heart-broken at Arthur Thornton's silence. Such an elaborate system of espionage had been organised that every letter she wrote was waylaid, and every means of communication between the two unconscious lovers thwarted, so that they were completely ignorant of each other's movements.

They had no confidant, and Effie's timid nature prevented her from seeking counsel of any one near her during the first days of her distress. With a strange refinement of cruelty and cunning Mrs. Jenner took her to task and inquired the cause of her sadness and mental suffering.

"Why not confide in me if you have any sorrow?" she said, caressing her.

Effie burst into tears at the appeal.

"I cannot, dare not tell you," she replied, sobbing. "I am very foolish, I know, and it is better to keep my folly to myself."

"Have you no trust in me? Come, come, let me share your troubles and I will comfort you."

"Dearest Nelly, if you only knew how heart-broken I am!"

"And why?"

"You will be angry or laugh at me if I tell you."

"No, I promise you I will not. Now tell me."

Effie hesitated, dried her tears and did not speak for a few minutes.

"Well," said Mrs. Jenner, "I am waiting."

"It is so hard to say," replied the other, hiding her face in her hands, "and it must be so uninteresting to anybody but oneself."

"You are in love," said Mrs. Jenner.

Effie threw her arms round her stepmother's neck.

"In love and forsaken," she sighed.

"With whom and by whom?"

"Can't you guess?"

"No! Mr. Burt?"

"Oh! dear, no," said Effie, half smiling through her distress.

"Arthur Thornton?"

"Yes."

"But why throw away your affections on such a man?"

"Oh! I do not say that."

"He is not worthy of you; he trifles with every woman, and—"

"No, I will hear nothing against him, although he has left me."

"Left you!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenner, with well-feigned surprise. "Were you engaged, and is he aware of your affection for him?"

"Yes, he proposed to me six months ago, and we saw each other constantly; he wrote to me every day until within the last two weeks, when I have heard nothing of him, and have not seen him, although I believe he is in town."

"Very strange and very dishonourable of him. Does his mother know of the engagement?"

"No, it was kept secret at my request."

"And why so?"

"At first to gratify a stupid caprice of mine, and then because he wished it."

"He wished it kept secret, did he; and did not that make you suspect him?"

"Suspect Arthur? Impossible!"

"You see you might have done so very rightly."

"No! although his conduct is inexplicable I will not wrong him so far. There is some mysterious reason for his silence and staying away from me."

"A mystery easily explained by his notorious fickleness."

"Why should you say so?"

"Why? because I know Mr. Arthur Thornton well. He was a beau of mine before I married your father, and would perhaps have treated me as he has you had I been desperately in love with him."

"Do not abuse him."

"I shall never mention him again if you do not. I advise you to forget him."

"I wish I could."

"Try, and I will help you."

The confession solved Effie, but the advice was given in vain. Mrs. Jenner suggested change of scene as desirable under the circumstances, and referred to the house at Holloway. There no one would disturb her and she would be within reach should anything be heard of Arthur Thornton. Effie did not object, and Mrs. Cole was told to expect her. It may seem a very hopeless project that Mrs. Jenner had conceived to break off the engagement. The almost positive certainty of ultimate detection would have deterred any but a desperate or foolhardy woman from putting such a plan into execution. Reckless of consequences and madly seeking revenge and the gratification of an uncontrollable passion, she advanced step by step into the labyrinth of intrigue and treachery until utterly unable to extricate herself. Arthur Thornton was completely stultified by what he supposed to be Effie's extraordinary behaviour towards him. He endeavoured to explain it and to wait patiently for some sign from her. The task was a hard one. At first he thought he would ask his mother to interfere, but reflection induced him to refrain from mentioning the subject to her. He would wait and see for himself whether Mrs. Jenner's assertions could be proved correct. He resolved to see Mr. Burt and ask him frankly whether any engagement existed between him and Effie. This resolution taken he forthwith proceeded to Mr. Burt's chambers, and there he learnt that the barrister had left town. The intelligence seemed to his overwrought imagination to corroborate Mrs. Jenner's statements; why it did so he did not ask himself. And yet he would not misjudge the girl on such slight evidence. He would learn where Effie had gone, and he would follow her wherever she might be. Again to Eaton Place, this time to inquire for Mrs. Jenner. The lady received him coldly. He looked careworn and anxious.

"You will think it strange," he said, when they were seated, "that I should ask you such a question, and I must rely upon your kindness not to attribute it to any unworthy motive. Will you give me Miss Jenner's address?"

"If I knew it, most certainly. The fact of Effie's having left this house yesterday without saying where she was going has alarmed us more than I can tell you. As a friend of hers you will not please mention it to any one. I have concealed it from the servants as well as I could, and I hope they have no suspicions."

Mrs. Jenner watched the effect of every word she uttered upon Arthur Thornton, and thought she had given his love for Effie its death blow.

"Miss Jenner left the house clandestinely?" he exclaimed.

"Not quite so, for she went away in broad daylight, and before all the servants."

"And you do not know where she has gone?"

"Not for certain; I have my suspicions."

"What are they?"

"Not favourable to her, and therefore better kept to myself for the present."

"Has Mr. Burt continued his courtship lately?"

"Unconsciously, and to some purpose if my suspicions are correct."

"You must excuse me, Mrs. Jenner," said Thornton, rising to go, "but if your interest in Miss Jenner's welfare has not urged you to ascertain where she is, I shall not rest until I find her;" and he left the widow without saying more.

(To be continued.)

THE BYRON SCANDAL.

To the Editor of the Illustrated Midland News.

SIR,—I employ your title as given in your last issue, in order to preserve uniformity in the treatment of this painful subject, and, if possible to tempt the readers of your article on page 18, to read this rejoinder also.

You almost begin with a stigma upon Mrs. Beecher Stowe, when you style her communication to *Macmillan* as "haphazard recollections of a chat with Lady Byron." If Mrs. Stowe's statement is substantially true, it matters but little how it was obtained. Truth is none the less valuable for reaching us through some "haphazard" medium, and the great concern of mankind is not to enquire how truth reaches them, but, is that which reaches them *truth* after all? And applying this test to "the Byron Scandal," the matter will stand pretty much as follows.

Here we have an eminent authoress, hitherto of irreproachable reputation, and far away above all suspicion of self-interest or intentional misrepresentation, making a statement respecting Lord Byron's married life, certainly startling, yet by no means beyond the limits of ordinary credibility. Now comes the question: What possible motive could that lady have had for the publication of such a statement had it not been unquestionably true? No one among her numerous opponents and critics has had the daring, the unblushing hardness, to impute to Mrs. Stowe the atrocious guilt of a base invention. Nor has anyone had the boldness to call in question the veracity of Lady Byron. Yet one or the other of these two positions must solve the difficult problem of this unhappy case; and the sole alternative appears to me to be, either that of supposing one lady guilty of a fabrication, or the other lady equally guilty of a gratuitous calumny. The question of the prudence of publishing the matter at all, is quite foreign to the general issue involved in the case itself. Mrs. Stowe may or may not have been imprudent in exposing so delicate a transaction to the wide world; but whether the one or the other, that would leave wholly untouched the far greater question of—Is this fearful charge true?

On such a subject, collateral testimony, or what is more commonly termed, "circumstantial evidence," comes but feebly in aid of a safe conclusion. Yet, so far as it goes, it is greatly in favour of Mrs. Stowe. Lord Lindsay, in a letter that appeared in the *Times* on the 7th of the present month, gives a long quotation from family memoirs written by Lady Anne Barnard, who was on most intimate terms with Lady Byron, and in that quotation the following appalling statement appears in connection with the marriage of Lord Byron. "They had not been an hour in the carriage which conveyed them from the church when, breaking into a malignant sneer, 'Oh! what a dupe you have been to your imagination. How is it possible a woman of your sense could form the wild hope of reforming me? Many are the tears you will have to shed ere that plan is accomplished. It is enough for me that you are my wife for me to hate you; if you were the wife of any other man I own you might have charms,' &c. I, who listened, was astonished. 'How could you go on after this,' said I, 'my dear? Why did you not return to your father's?' 'Because I had not a conception he was in earnest; because I reckoned it a bad jest, and told him so,—that my opinions of him were very different from his of himself, otherwise he would not find me by his side. He laughed it over when he saw me appear hurt, and I forgot what had passed till forced to remember it. I believe he was pleased with me, too, for a little while. I suppose it had escaped his memory that I was his wife.'"

This dark disclosure, made to Lady Barnard by Lady Byron herself, speaks volumes on the base, heartless cruelty of the unfeeling husband. A man who could so insult a woman, and that woman his wife, within but one hour of their marriage, would be guilty of any foul crime that could cast infamy on the combinal circle. The affections common to any ordinary husband, were absent from that man, though but warm from the altar of his most sacred pledges; and as the married life of the man began with hypocrisy, none of us ought to feel surprise that it soon expanded itself into the deepest disgrace. The whole question confines itself to Byron as a husband. Those who seek to palliate his guilt

by quoting his excellence as a poet, confound subjects that require to be kept for ever distinct. Yours very truly,
WILLIAM STOKES.
Manchester,
Sept. 13, 1869.

THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

Difficulties having been overcome which at one time threatened its very existence, this great Musical Meeting, still fresh in the minds of all, may happily be recorded as having been completely successful. The Cathedral, the use of which for the performance of music in aid of which was so strongly and conscientiously opposed by men of influence in the county, happened to be in that state of restoration which rendered its whole extent available. The sacred temple was thrown open from end to end, and presented a most impressive appearance. Under no more favourable circumstances has religious music ever been heard in England; never has it

TUESDAY MORNING.
TUESDAY EVENING.
MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT, including J. F. Barnett's Cantata "THE ANCIENT MARINER," conducted by the Composer.
WEDNESDAY MORNING.
"THE PRODIGAL SON".....*Arthur Sullivan*.
SELECTION FROM "JUDAS MACCABEUS".....*Handel*.
WEDNESDAY EVENING.
MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT, with Mendelssohn's "WALPURGIS NIGHT," Selections from Weber's "DEREINER," &c.
THURSDAY MORNING.
"MESSA SOLENNE".....*Rossini*.
"HYMN OF PRAISE".....*Mendelssohn*.
THURSDAY EVENING.
MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT, with Selection from Mozart's "Zauberflöte," including Overture, &c., &c.
FRIDAY MORNING.
"THE MESSIAH".....
FRIDAY EVENING.
The Ball.

for the first time at Worcester, and has been unanimously praised in glowing terms. It contains most skillfully-written music and many instances of the composer's earnest thoughtfulness. The text, selected from scriptures, has been followed in character and feeling, and affords many opportunities of musical scene-painting, of which the musician has taken advantage, and thereby displayed a thorough sense of the philosophy of his Art. Especially characteristic is the description of the Prodigal's revels, throughout which a theme of one bar's length is incessantly repeated. Likewise the introduction for string instruments leading to the first chorus. Of the pathetic pieces one for a contralto voice, "Love not the world," is the most impressive, and produced the greatest effect, sung as it was most exquisitely by Madame Trebelli-Bettini. The tenor and baritone solo, "The voice of the construction and the contrast they present in style—a contrast which is most apparent in the duet "And he arose." To enumerate all the beauties of the work would exceed the limits of our space. The performance was unexceptional, and the reception of the work enthusiastic, if such may be said of a performance given in a Cathedral where no such expression of enthusiasm as applause is of course allowed. The result of such a trial of strength of a young English composer points unmistakably to whom a commission should be given for an original work at our ensuing Birmingham Festival. It is a sign that should not be mistaken by those who are in authority.

In the selection from "Judas Maccabæus" Mr. Vernon Rigby created a sensation, although suppressed yet nevertheless apparent, by a singing of "Sound an Alarm," and Madame Lemmens-Sherington, Madame Patey, and Mr. Lewis Thomas did credit to the service. Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" music on the Wednesday evening was more or less adequately rendered, Mr. Sandley singing the music of the Druid Guard with great vigour and effect. Mr. Sims Reeves on this evening disappointed many who had come to hear him by the inferiority of the compositions he selected.

Rossini's "Messa Solenne," from which so much had been expected in a Cathedral, did not certainly sustain the historical reputation it enjoys. It was splendidly performed, the conductor, Mr. Done, having taken pains to teach the Chorus and all novices concerned in its execution every phrase and measure. No such enjoyment was experienced throughout the "Messa" as that which was experienced in listening to the lovely instrumental introduction to the "Hymn of Praise," in the cantabile movement of which the clarinet playing of Mr. Lazarus was perfect.

At the evening concerts Madame Lemmens-Sherington was greatly applauded, and Madlle. Tittens never more successful. The band was heard to great advantage in a Symphony of Beethoven's (No. 8) and Mozart's Overture to "Zauberflöte."

The success of the Festival culminated in the "Messiah," a finer and more impressive rendering of which was perhaps never given. The locality in which it took place, as well as the complete efficiency of the executants, greatly contributed to this result. Such an appearance as that which the Cathedral presented—its long aisles thronged by an audience upon which the sun shone brightly through the painted windows—seemed to inspire the singers and instrumentalists, and they gave accordingly unwonted expression to Handel's mighty music.

Every praise is due to Mr. Done for the energy he displayed in drilling the chorus singers, and conducting the oratorios and evening concerts so efficiently.

Personally we have to thank the Hon. Sec., Dr. Williams, and the stewards for the great courtesy with which we and our representatives were treated throughout the Festival. The arrangements for the accommodation of the public entrusted to those gentlemen were in all respects admirably carried out.

Professor Faber's speaking-machine is to be exhibited at Hamburg during the continuance of the International Horticultural Exhibition. It is said to articulate various words, and even to answer questions and simple sentences with wonderful distinctness. This is by no means the first invention of the kind that has been exhibited. Wolfgang von Kempelen, the inventor of a chess automaton, was born at Presburg in 1734, and died at Vienna, 1804, both constructed a machine of the kind and wrote on the subject. The machine about to be exhibited at Hamburg is, however, more perfect than any previous invention of the kind.



MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

been more worthily performed than at this meeting of the Three Choirs.

The Festival commenced on Tuesday, September 7th, and continued during the three following days, beginning at half-past eight o'clock in the morning of the day mentioned with service in the Lady Chapel of the Cathedral, and ending, very inconsiderately in our opinion, with a ball in the Guildhall on Friday evening. The only objection that can possibly be offered to the whole arrangements is this frivolous termination to a scheme so noble in its objects and general tendency. A grand Thanksgiving Service, in which all concerned in the Festival should take part, would be more appropriate. We doubt whether the net profits of the Ball are a set-off against the anomaly of such a finale to such an undertaking; and we believe moreover, were it abandoned, that the scruples of many with regard to the Cathedral being used on these occasions would in a great measure be set at rest.

The general plan of the Festival was as follows:—

This programme was carried out by a band and chorus numbering some 360 musicians, under the direction of Mr. Done, and the following principal vocalists: Madlle. Tittens, Madame Lemmens-Sherington, Madame Patey, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Signor Bettini, Mr. Sandley, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. It is worthy of remark that, with three exceptions, this large vocal and instrumental force consisted exclusively of native artists, and that important works of two young English composers were produced. The Worcester meeting may therefore in all respects be called a truly English Festival.

Much interest was excited by the announcement of Mr. J. F. Barnett's "Ancient Mariner," and Arthur Sullivan's "Prodigal Son." The result of the performances of both these works was gratifying to all who take pleasure in the progress of creative Musical Art in this country. The "Ancient Mariner" is widely known, having achieved great success at the last Birmingham Festival in 1867. The "Prodigal Son" was given

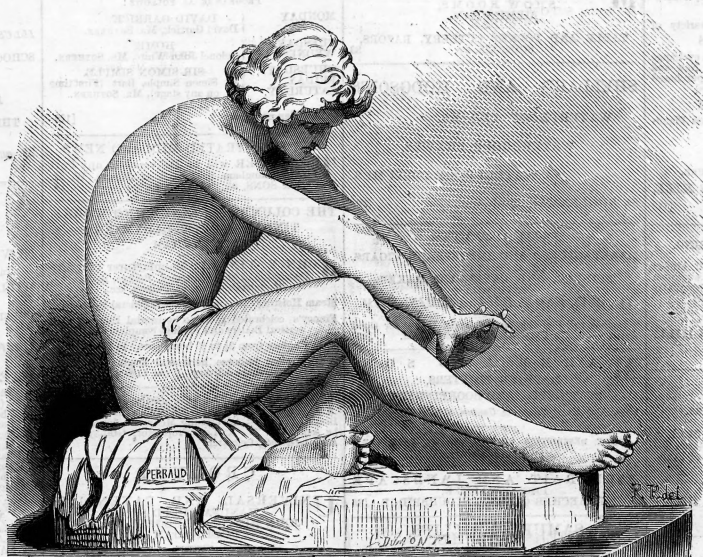
DESPAIR.

The marble figure from which our drawing is taken was exhibited this year in Paris. It is by M. J. Perraud, who obtained the *Médaille d'honneur* for his charming work of art. The simplicity of the design is admirable, while the expression of the graceful yet powerful outlines of the statue cannot be misunderstood. Sculpture is more favoured in France than in this country, where no such appropriate place of exhibition is to be found as that afforded by the large space allotted to statuary in the Palais d'Industrie. The new rooms of the Royal Academy, however well suited to the display of paintings, are but ill adapted to show off sculpture to advantage. The light is glaring and badly arranged; the decorations of the rooms, moreover, interfere with the effect sculpture should produce. In Paris the very reverse is the case. Every possible care is taken that the figures should be properly shown: the walls of the Exhibition rooms are hung effectively with drapery, against which the models are seen most advantageously, and the light, when too strong, is properly modified. They only who have visited the Palais d'Industrie during an exhibition of statuary, can appreciate the advantages which this branch of art enjoys in France compared with the neglect with which it is treated in England.

LIBERATION OF POLITICAL PRISONERS IN PARIS.

The Imperial Fêtes, on August 15th, this year, were celebrated not only by gorgeous fireworks, grand reviews, and other brilliant displays for the amusement of the public, but also by an act of clemency which did honour to the French Empire. The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Napoleon Bonaparte was made the occasion of granting a general amnesty to all political offenders against the State. They who were undergoing imprisonment were set free—exiles were permitted to return to their native country. The act was done by the present Emperor, in opposition, it is said, to the wishes and advice of many of his Ministers. It is interesting to notice how the pardon was received by two of the strongest opponents to the Government of France. It brought forth a furious protest from the irreconcilable Rochefort, who, having been obliged to fly from the punishment he so justly deserved, declared he would be banished, in spite of the Emperor. It was received with dignified indifference by Victor Hugo, who, firm in his convictions, refuses to return to France as long as the present dynasty shall last. Our engraving represents the exterior of the

Prison of Sainte Plagie, in Paris, at the moment of the prisoners leaving it. But one feeling seems to animate the whole group—that of thankfulness for unexpected freedom. Let us hope that this deed of mercy will have a beneficial influence throughout France, and prove the desire of the Emperor to conciliate his enemies and encourage the advocates of peace and progress.



DESPAIR.

LORD NEWPORT'S MARRIAGE: RECEPTION AT CASTLE BROMWICH.

On Tuesday, the 7th inst., were solemnised, at Maltby Church, Yorkshire, the nuptials of Viscount Newport, M.P., and Lady Ida Frances Annabelle Lumley, eldest daughter of the Earl of Scarborough. The presents to the bride were exceedingly numerous, and are said to have cost some £30,000. They were exhibited on the previous day, and very much admired. Amongst those given by the relatives of the bride and bridegroom we may mention a splendid necklace of diamonds and stars, given by the Earl of Bradford, father of

the bridegroom; and a diamond and pearl locket by Lady Bradford. Lord Scarborough's present was a magnificent tiara, and Lady Scarborough gave a necklace of emeralds, pearls, and diamonds. A beautiful lace and mother-of-pearl fan was given by the Princess Mary of Teck. The bride was tastefully attired in a dress of white satin, very richly trimmed with Brussels lace and orange blossom, and wore a wreath of

occasion. A number of the Earl of Bradford's tenants mustered at the railway station and escorted the bride and bridegroom to the village, where streamers were hung across the road; the school children lined the road, and festoons of flowers on arches were displayed. All the village made holiday, and assembled at an open space near the Hall to witness the planting of a tree by Viscountess Newport in commemoration of her marriage. The Vicar (the Rev. R. Kempen) having presented the Viscountess with an address of congratulation, her ladyship planted the tree, after which the reverend gentleman said, "My friends and neighbours, I have the honour and pleasure to announce that the tree just planted is, this time forward, by Lady Newport's sanction and permission, called by her name. May it grow and flourish. May bright sun shine upon it, and genial showers nourish it; so that, for years to come, it may be a 'standing memorial' not only of this day's happy marriage, but also of the continued and increasing prosperity of the noble house of Bradford." Lord Newport acknowledged the cordial welcome in a few graceful words, remarking that he believed he might truly say they would find the Viscountess an acquisition to the neighbourhood. During the day the school children and labourers were entertained.

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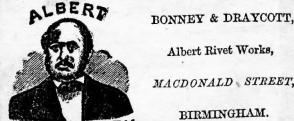
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THOMAS HOLROYD HAS JUST RECEIVED AN IMMENSE STOCK OF **LADIES' AUTUMN JACKET CLOTHS,** of German, French, and English Manufacture. THE POLARIAN, ARISTIDIAN, JERBOA, FUR SEAL, LAMBSKIN, NEWFOUNDLAND CUEL, & EGYPTIAN CLOTHS. Comprise the Leading Novelties for the Season. **NEW STREET AND CANNON STREET, BIRMINGHAM.** [67]

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W. T. BELCHER, Mus. Bac. Oxon., Foll. Coll. Org. Professor of the Organ, Piano-forte, Singing, and the Theory of Music, 3, Hampstead Road, and at 25, Worcester Street, Birmingham. [24]

STAR TEA COMPANY FOR GOOD BLACK, GREEN, OR MIXED TEA. 74 B, WORCESTER STREET, BIRMINGHAM. [16]

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THE ST. JAMES' LUNCHEON STORES, 106, NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM, five doors from the New Midland Bank. Cakes, Steaks, &c., at five minutes' notice. Also Pies and Soups. Little more than Burton Ale and Dublin Stout. T. HANSON; and at the CORNER STORES, UNION PASSAGE. [2]

MOULE'S PATENT EARTH CLOSETS.

THE CAMP AT WIMBLEDON, 1889.

Extract of Medical Report on the Wimbledon Meeting.
The general health of the camp has been unexceptionally satisfactory, and bears a remarkably favourable comparison with the results of last year, when the admissions for diseases supposed to be incidental to camp life were more numerous on one single day than they have been this year throughout the whole meeting. The sanitary arrangements of the camp have been very rigidly supervised, and I am still of opinion that the earth-closet system has again proved most successful; and that it is the only efficient and reliable method, when properly carried out, the severe test to which, during the two past meetings it has been subjected, affords, I venture to think, a tolerably fair ground for deduction.

JOHN WYATT, Surgeon-Major, and Surgeon to the National Rifle Association.
From the Times, July 17.
The Earth Closet system was tried again this year, and with the most satisfactory results. Had there been a failure anywhere, it must have been felt yesterday, when the temperature was by far the highest of any day during the present meeting.

From the Daily News, July 10.
The health of the Camp is marvellously good. Out of the 2,500 men whom the Association have in their books—of whom, be it said, but 1,277 are volunteers—there are but four cases of diarrhoea, and but 17 men on the doctor's books at all. None of these are serious cases, and the admirable working of the Earth Closets, concerning which Captain Drake reported so favourably last year, is again of the highest service. Thanks to

them, none of the inconveniences and dangers arising from suddenly transporting a large body of men to live and sleep in an open country can occur, and the effect is shown by the smallness of the doctor's list.
From the Pall Mall Gazette, July 19.
The latrine arrangements have again been most satisfactory.

From the British Medical Journal, July 17.
The health of the Camp this year has hitherto been excellent. A few cases of diarrhoea, an occasional case of slight exhaustion from fatigue, exposure to the sun, or perhaps the little follies of the previous day, have been about all to engage the attention of the surgeons in camp. The cool mornings and evenings, and the refreshing breeze which has almost daily blown across the Common, have no doubt contributed much to the satisfactory bill of health; but the improved water-supply, the more effective Earth Closets, the greater and more varied hygienic precautions taken by the Volunteers, and the general improvement in the sanitary arrangements of the Camp, have every reason to claim a favourable hearing.

From the Observer, July 25.
It is gratifying to state that the medical statistics of the Camp show a less amount of sickness than was ever previously known, there being but a few, and those very unimportant, cases of diarrhoea brought under notice of the medical staff at any time during the fortnight. This favourable circumstance is attributable to the adoption of the Dry Earth system, which, even on the very hottest days with which the Camp was visited, prevented the emission of unpleasant odours.

IN USE AT THE FOLLOWING AMONGST MANY OTHER PLACES:—

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Printed by EDWARD LEGER for the Proprietors, at their Printing Works, Market Hall Passage, and published at 108, New Street, Birmingham.—September 15, 1899.